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THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said
Unto the man over the River;
And the lady shook her dozen head,
And calmly answered, "Four!"

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said
Unto the lady from over the River;
And again the lady shook her head,
And calmly answered, "Four!"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said
Unto the lady from over the River;
And again the lady shook her head,
And calmly answered, "Four!"

"Husband, of course?" the Marshal said
Unto the dame from over the River;
And again she shook her dozen head,
And calmly answered, "Four!"

"The deuce!" you have!" the Marshal said
Unto the lady from over the River;
And again she shook her dozen head,
And calmly answered, "Four!"

"Now what do you mean by answering four,
And contradicting yourself so?"
"Ah, I never could *figure!*" civilly said
The lady from over the River.

* Pron. pronounced also, in the German for "to."

MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER X.

THE RATTLE-TRAPS.

As soon as they reached the point where the van of the army were in waiting, the bandage was removed from the prisoner's mouth, and he was allowed to take breath. He gasped awhile as though his lungs had become well nigh exhausted; but by and by he breathed more freely, and seemed to take some note of things about him. When Roderic saw this, he drew a pistol, and pointed it at the man's head.

"Saul Abbeford," he said, in a tone which would leave no room for interruption, "listen to me: I am no officer, commissioned by the commander-in-chief of the Federal Army, and all that I now do, I do under express orders. I know that you are in league with the Tories, and that you know many of their secrets. In short, I know just about how far your influence extends; and I am going to question you. If you answer me promptly, all may be well; but if you refuse, you die! Now mark me well: I would advise you as quickly as I would advise any enemy of my country; and, if you give me reason, the deed shall be done. You are three companions of mine. There isn't one of them but that would consider it a fit work to put a stop to your treasonable life."

"Just give me the word," muttered Walter Shirk, "and I'll show him how quickly a Tory can be disposed of!"

It was not in the nature of Saul Abbeford to be brave in the presence of mortal danger; and when he saw the muffing of those who now gathered about him, his knees shook, and his teeth chattered.

"Will you answer the questions I shall ask you?" demanded Roderic.

The fellow didn't know. Coward as he was, he had something else to fear besides the doom which his captors threatened. There were others who were interested, and whose vengeance might fall upon him if he betrayed them.

"You can do as you please," said Roderic, with that sort of quietness which marks a mortal determination; "only you may be assured of this: If you do not answer me, your life-blood shall be emptied out upon this frozen ground! I hope you understand me."

The trembling wretch cast another glance around upon the grim men who environed him, and he could see their faces plainly enough through the gloom to read his fate therein. Then he looked upon his interlocutor, and said,

"You can ask your questions, sir."

"Exactly, and I must do it in a hurry, too, or you will be prompt with your answers. Now first: me. I know that a man, calling himself Major Whitlely, an officer in the British service, is in this region, raising men to serve under Cornwallis. I further know that this officer has been several times with John Glengyle. And, further still, I know that you have been to and fro, between Waldvale Hall and this Whitlely's encampment, with secrets. Mind you—I know all this. And now I ask you—Where is Major Whitlely quartered? Where is his rendezvous?"

Abbeford hesitated, and trembled; and finally he swore that he knew nothing about it.

"Ah," said Roderic, with a significant shake of the head, "you were too long in making up that story. I know that you lie, sir! You do know where the Tory rendezvous is; and if you do not tell me, you are a dead man."

Perhaps the fellow thought that the fate might be equally hard if he did tell. Our hero divined the meaning of the hesitating look, and quickly added,

"But, if you answer me promptly and truly, you shall have nothing to fear from the Tories. I pledge you this."

"Don't fix your pistol, captain," said Tower, moving a step nearer to the prisoner. "The noise might warn the fellow that we have. I have a rope with me, and we'll hang the rascal up to this tree."

"That's the talk," cried Shirk. "Give me the halter, and I'll have the chap's neck on the stretch before he has time to think."

"Very well," responded Roderic. "We can't stand parleying. On with it."

Upon this Walter Shirk seized the prisoner by the shoulders, and bore him down with a force that threatened to crush every bone in his body. In a moment more the noose was around his neck, and the running part of the rope thrown over a stout limb.

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the poor wretch, as he felt the halter tighten. "Oh, don't murder me! For God's sake, don't!"

"Then answer me," said Roderic, sternly. "Answer at once, and to the point, or you swing from that limb within the next minute. I pledge you my very life that I mean just what I say!"

Saul Abbeford was not proof against this kind of argument, and his opposition gave way.

"I will tell—I will tell," he cried. "Loosen the rope, and I'll tell you all."

The noose was loosened, and the man then answered the questions which had been put to him.

Major Whitlesly is only six miles from here. You know where Copp's Meadow is?"

"Yes."

"And you know that the river is upon one side, and a piece of rocky woods upon the other?"

"Yes. I have hunted in those woods often enough."

"Upon that meadow, close by the woods, are two large stacks of hay, right upon the piles where Copp has stacked his hay for years."

"Yes—I remember them."

"Well," pursued Abbeford, lowering his voice, and looking around with a trembling look, "those two stacks of hay aren't honest. They are only shells—stacks of hay, with room beside for a hundred men."

"And there we shall find the major?"

"There are his quarters, sir."

"One thing more: How many men has he there?"

"I don't know exactly, but it can't be far from fifty."

"And do you know what movement they are to make?"

"They are to act here as they are needed, and stand by to join the British army when it crosses the Delaware."

"You have seen Major Whitlesly to-day."

"Abbeford hesitated.

"Don't be foolish," said our hero. "You have answered me thus far well, and you had better not upset the dish at this stage. I know that you have been to Whitlesly's quarters. Did you see him?"

"Yes."

"And you told him of the arrest of Grimwold's men?"

"Yes."

"What movement does he propose to make in consequence thereof?"

But the man could not answer this.

"I only know," he said, "that the major was very much worked up about it; and he hopes he may get hold of you; but I didn't understand what he meant to do."

"Was Glengyle himself been there?"

"No, sir."

A few more questions, and then Roderic was ready to act. Master Saul Abbeford proposed that, since he had given all the information he could, they should suffer him to depart; but our hero had a different proposition.

"No, sir," he said, after the fellow had made known his wish. "I may find that you have made a mistake; or, I may want some further information. No, I cannot spare you yet, you be in Newtown; and by two o'clock I can be here again, with so many companions as we need; and from here to Copp's meadow is an easy tramp for two hours more. Thus, if no lucky befalls us, we may accomplish the whole before daylight. A mile from here, on the Newtown road there is a man whom I can trust. Follow me, and let us make all possible haste."

[EXTENDED ACADEMICS TO ART OF CONGRESS, OF THE YEAR 1861, BY SECRET DESIGN, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

THE MANIAC AND THE VILLAIN.

At the edge of the Waldvale estate stood a house, occupied by an humble woman named Mrs. Cox. Here the party stopped; and, having procured the horse's bridle, Roderic ordered his companions to remain there until he returned. The idea to be entertained was performed in less than half an hour; and ere long the Patriot captain had forty stout, well-armed men ready to follow him. He did not see Mercer; as that individual was with the commander-in-chief. However, the Rangers were all ready for him, and understood that they were subject to his orders.

It was an hour past midnight when our hero reached the peasant's cot on his return; and, without any delay, Master Saul Abbeford was brought forth, and the whole party then took up their line of march. Four miles of the route was on the highway, to the northeast; after which they struck off towards the Delaware, by a rough cart-path. It was a dubious undertaking in the woods and ravines; but Roderic had followed the track so often with his ride, that he led on confidently as though he had been upon the high-road. By and by he reached the point where the path opened upon the meadow, and here he stopped. As no great distance, rounded against the leaden sky, he could see the top of one of the haystacks. The other one was on the hill, and further to toward the wood. Of course there must be a sentinel posted somewhere. The captain sought his prisoner, and addressed him upon this point.

"I suppose they have a sentinel," replied Abbeford, speaking in a very good humor.

"My dear sir," said Roderic, with his hand upon the fellow's shoulder, "you will just bind this one thing in mind: If you deceive me now, or if you refuse to answer me as I wish, your life shall pay the penalty. You can make your choice. Will you have a sentinel posted?"

"He is between here and the stack," returned Abbeford speaking with becoming celerity.

"Which stack?"

"The one nearest ahead."

"Is there no assistant at the other stack?"

"No, sir. There is no need of two, I am sure."

Roderic was confident that the man spoke the truth, for his manner told that he was acting under mortal fear.

"Very well," he said, addressing his lieutenant, "you will take charge of this fellow awhile, and remain here with the men, while I take the rest and march after the sentinel. We won't be gone long."

Then here took the stout Ranger with him, and as they walked along, he explained the manner in which he intended to proceed.

"You understand me?"

"Perfectly," replied Shirk. And as he spoke, he turned up the cuffs of his coat, and drew from his waistband the weapon which Saul Abbeford's mouth had been stopped.

"I think you will find that club well fitted much trouble."

The haystack was some forty or fifty rods from the edge of the wood, but the night was so still that not only that spot of it could be seen which lifted itself up against the sky, in a little while something else could be seen, and that was a man, only a few yards off, and directly came the challenge:

"Who comes there?"

"It's me—*Saul Abbeford*," returned Roderic, in a voice which he had studied with all possible nicety.

"Have you brought a man from Sir Roderic?" came the next challenge.

While speaking thus, in broken sentences, Roderic and his companion had been advancing; and the sentinel, who could not distinguish features, evidently had no suspicion of anything out of the way. He bore his Brobdingnagian musket in a direct position to his breast. Walter Shirk, with his eye fixed and his fist clenched, sprang forward, and levelled the club with supreme accuracy; and, within the space of half a dozen beats of the pulse, the bludgeon was on, and secured. Not only after the fellow was picked up and borne swiftly away to the wood.

The same inducements which had been held out to Saul Abbeford were held out to the captive sentinel; and when he was fully convinced that there was but one earthly way by which his life could be saved, he was not slow to follow it. He warned the party against the approaching of the van by the same signal which had been given by Abbeford, and then he was left to himself.

Of course I can make no stipulations. Only let me say this: You will act your own pleasure."

The Briton gave one more look at the army of stalwart Rangers, and then he handed his sword to the Patriot commander. This operation, fifty-eight in number, were bound together in couples, and marched out from their quarters; and as soon as the line could be formed, Roderic gave the order for starting. Whitlesly was very anxious to know how his secret had been discovered, but our hero did not choose to enlighten him. However, when they reached the wood, and Master Saul Abbeford was picked up, the crestfallen major began to see for himself.

An hour before daylight Roderic Glengyle reported himself to General Mercer; and when the prisoners had been taken care of, they both went to the quarters of the commander-in-chief, whom they found already up. Washington rejoiced greatly in the young captain's success, and was warm and generous in his thanks and encouragements. But he may never be said.

"Only this," replied Roderic. "In the coming struggle, which I believe cannot be far distant, I would like to lead the brave men who have followed me this night."

"My dear captain, it shall be so. The struggle is not far distant, as you believe. On the day after to-morrow I set the ball in motion. Until then you will hold yourself in readiness to answer orders at our moment."

A proud hour was this for Roderic Glengyle. What a pity that his peace of mind should have been distracted by gloom in another quarter!

CHAPTER XI.

SIR JOHN STRIKETHEIRON.

John Glengyle arose in the morning, and set his breakfast, and then sent for Saul Abbeford, but no Saul Abbeford was to be found. He waited about for an hour, and then concluded search to be made, but with no better result. At last, here you see Abbeford this morning?"

"No, Mein'r."

"Where are you then, knight?"

"Couldn't say for certin, mein'r, but I rather guess I'm dead. I've had my throat cut ob dem two nice 'oon I went to bed."

"Don't you know where he went?"

"No, mas'r. He don't tell dis chile when he's goin'."

"He may have gone off to the meadow."

"What's dat, mas'r?"

"No matter. Go and take another look. Inquire of all the servants."

Cato went away, and at the end of fifteen minutes he came back with his answer. Saul Abbeford was not to be found.

"He went to bed last night?" said Sir John.

"Certin he did, mas'r. His bed an all smashed up, jus' as if he'd turned round in it like a top. Dere was cook wid a headache, or sum'f'n ob dat sort."

The matter was not in a mood for speculating, so he returned to his private room, where he spent the next few hours in the comfort of the room. "I must go if I go alone. I have got this matter to a crisis. I see the men, and her countenance looked less familiar. And her story, too, as I now began to call to up the shreds of common report, does not seem so. I would have it. Mrs. Cox said her servant was not at home at a peculiar time, and she was picked up at six, too. At all events, I will go myself. I must see him. I will take a dash of it, and pay her a visit at once."

In half an hour Sir John Saul Abbeford should accompany him, perhaps for greater safety in traversing the fort, but nothing was sent to be found, he finally concluded to go alone, as he ordered his horse, and was soon on his way. When he reached the widow's cot he dismounted, and rapped upon the door, which summons was answered by Scipio.

"Is Saul Abbeford here?" he said, in a very cool, business-like way, "that the woman called Mrs. Cox lives here?"

Scipio admitted that it was so.

"Ah," said the visitor, "I have a curiosity to see her. Look to my horse while I go in."

The negro hesitated. He was afraid that his master was not free to say so.

"Why, you poor old child, what are you afraid of? Look to my horse, I say, or my horse, I say."

Ah, man's, Hercules is sometimes shamed on strangers. She isn't berry well."

"Ah, she is sick, is she? Ah, see. But," continued the visitor, lowering his tone a little, "you have nothing to fear. If the woman is afraid of me, I'll leave her at once. Now let me go in, and you look to my horse and hold my horse."

Scipio did not like the idea, but still he dared not disobey. He feared that open resistance in the case of Scipio might only serve to betray him himself and for Hercules, so, without further remonstrance, he came out and took the horse.

Hercules was sitting by the fire, and as the visitor entered he turned her eyes.

"Who are you?" she asked. His face was shaded, and she could not see it.

"I am one who would befriend you, my good woman," replied Sir John. And as he spoke he took a seat near her.

She had been gazing into the bright fire so long that her pupils had become exceedingly contracted, but they gradually dilated as she turned her eyes upon her visitor, and finally she was able to see his features. She leaned forward, and gazed upon him intently.

"Ah," she uttered, in a low, long-drawn whisper, "then art the monstrous Greek. Thy name is Achilles!" Her hands were clasped, her eyes

Of course I can make no stipulations. Only let me say this: You will act your own pleasure."

began to burn with strange intensity, and the shadows of deep passion were manifesting themselves upon her brow.

John Glengrie, meanwhile, was not less intent in his examination of her. He gazed upon her until he had traced every lineament of her face, and then he seemed to be satisfied.

"Are you so very much grieved, Hecuba?" he said, soothingly.

"*How?*" she cried, bitterly. "O, thou distant Greek—thou infernal champion! The gods were very cool when they suffered thy father to receive then from the flames! Had thy mother borne thee up when she cast him upon the fire, the world would have been the gainer. O! cut upon that miserable, distant, coward world! I wish upon thee! I spurn thee! O, angels and guardians of mercy, help the Trojan mother now! I am blind—I know him! I see the curse by his soul—*he—is!*"

She had started up from her chair; her fingers clutching at the empty air, and her face livid with bursting passion; and as she spoke, the growing wave and more terrible in her fury, John Glengrie instrenched from the room. In the entry he met Scipio, who was just coming in; and he told him that he wished to speak with him a moment out of doors. The woman was sobbing violently, and the negro was not disposed to leave the out-again.

"I must see to her," he said. "She'll be quiet when she sees me."

"Yer yer'self," returned Mr John, who did not seem inclined to press his request; "but wait a moment. In the woman subject to such wild fits? Does she have them often?"

Had the negro stopped to reflect, he might have spoken differently; but the sun was in a poor charge, now falling into deep moons, so distracted his attention that he did not look out for the simple truth.

"No, sir," he answered. "She don't feh'ten at all like dis."

"Something must ail her, then. Perhaps she doesn't like strangers?"

"Some times she doesn."

"Well—go in and look to her, and if you need any help, let me know." He would be pleased to assist her if it lay in my power."

With this Scipio went into the little sitting-room, while John Glengrie mounted his horse and rode away.

"There is no mistake about that," the borrower muttered to himself, as his horse came up to the door in the wood. "If that isn't Helen Glengrie, then my eyes do much deceive me. And she hasn't altered so much as would at first be supposed. No—in spite of all her hardships she still bears upon her face the marks of her. By the powers that rule us, she must not come any nearer to me! I'm afraid of her!"

He spurred up his horse, still muttering to himself as he rode; and when he reached the hall, he shut himself up in his own room for an hour or more. When he came out he ordered his Inquired again for Saul Abbeloff; but that individual had not yet returned. A little while afterwards Capt. Louis Griswold made his appearance, accompanied by an old gentleman, and the three repaired to the dining-room, while a second dinner was being prepared.

This acquaintance, who had come with Griswold, was an elderly gentleman named Scott, belonging in Philadelphia, and by profession a physician. He had been in America but a few years, and was a Loyalist of the most stubborn kind; and so free had he been in the expression of his sentiments as seldom to escape the ear of the committal Congress, that he had found it necessary to take a solitary departure from the federal capitol. He was on his way to New York, and had stopped to see his friend Mr Griswold.

Sir John welcomed the doctor warmly, and told him that Mr Griswold was welcome to stay as long as he pleased.

"I cannot stop long," replied Andrew, with a shake of the head. "That son of a gun in Philadelphia, whom they call Gen'l Putnam, is making that city extremely hot for King George's friends; and, since my arrival here, I learn from Griswold that this locality is not much better."

"Some men seem to delight in fighting," said Sir John, "and are long I hope to see our friends in the ascendancy. Why can't you wait and return to Philadelphia with us?"

"Are you going thither?"

"Certainly! will soon be there; and I shall probably go on just to see how the Rebel congress there like its members are beginning to."

"I don't know about that," returned Doctor Andrew, shaking his head. "Some of those Rebel leaders are natural brave tigers, and when they show their teeth, there's danger. I prefer to keep out of their way."

"And so," added Sir John, "tigers are captured after awhile. We are setting a trap for those fellows.—You will stop with me to night?"

"Yes."

"Then you shall go out with me this evening and see old Wildfowler,—you remember him—the sniper?"

The doctor looked into his host's face, and then turned to Griswold.

"How is this?" he said, addressing the captain.

"It is not he," replied Griswold. "I fear Sir John has not heard the news. Is it so, sir? Have you not been informed of the occurrence of last night?"

"Last night?" repeated the host, with a start. "What do you mean?"

"Have you been nothing from Wishtlely since yesterday?"

"Nothing."

"Then you are behind the times, Sir John. That worthy sniper of yours was taken off last night."

"Gone into a cell!" cried the baronet, starting to his feet. "How do you mean? You don't mean that Roderic has taken him prisoner?"

"Taken him and all his men," returned Grisweld.

"Heavens and earth! that cannot be!"

"And yet so it is. Major Wishtlely and his whole command are safe in the American camp, and Roderic Glengyle took them in."

"He cannot comprehend it. How was it?"

"I cannot explain it, sir. I saw a man this morning, who had just come from the scene of the bood of the American camp, and he informed me of what had happened. He saw the prisoners, and also saw Saul Abbeloff with them."

John Glengrie sank back into his chair, and for some moments he was too full for coherent speech. When he did speak, his language was inspired, and his oaths deep and dreadful.

"It can be helped now," said the doctor, soothingly. "Such things are the fortunes of war, and we must take them as they come."

"Curse!" he spoke the word struggling with his passion, "to think that my own nephew—he whom I have raised and cherished—should thus triumph upon me! Yet, by the eternal heavens! he shall feel the weight of my revenge! As I live he shall suffer for this!" The speaker brought his clenched fist down upon his knee with such energy; and then arose to his feet, and started across the room. While he was walking thus a servant came and announced that dinner was ready.

"Go, gentlemen," said Sir John. "Go get your dinners, and when you return I'll be more calm."

And he was true to his promise; for, when his guests came in from the dining-room, they found him as cool as could be. He was a little more stern than usual, and his fingers seemed to have got a habit of working nervously and incessantly.

"You must excuse me," said Grisweld, "for I have been in a hurry to get to you on your Delaware tonight, if possible."

As he took his leave, his look followed him out into the hall.

"Is he safe, Captain, before you go. I think we should understand each other by this time. You are worthy this say again ?"

"Yes—perhaps to-morrow."

"Then as speedily as possible, and to the point. Roderic Glengyle has severed the last bond of friendship and regard, and has made himself my enemy. He has insulted me in the worst way, and—he has played the traitor most shamefully. By the memory of my blood I would slay him; and yet he should be put out of the way all the same. Is it not so, Captain Grisweld?"

Grisweld nodded his head, and groaned his assent.

"Has he not wronged you, Captain? Has he not crossed your path in an insulting manner?"

"Aye, Sir John; in bulk."

"And you will have thought of revenge?"

Grisweld looked up into his interlocutor's face. Sir John was pale as ashes, and his eyes were dim, and yet an end to his contrarons fire, you would have thought.

"By the muse, sir," cried the captain, setting his teeth together, "I will be pleased. I have sworn that I will have Roderic Glengyle's life! And I have sworn another thing, too."

"What?"

"You—another thing have I sworn. I will have your life, sir, if you play me false."

"Good, my Captain. Take her if you can." And as he spoke he arose and left the room.

Touching Roderic Glengyle and Maggie Burns another brief chapter must be devoted to the latter.

After Grisweld had gone, Sir John and the doctor sat together and chatted upon various matters of interest, all of their conversation being limited to the war. After supper the host breathed a new subject, and Dr Andrew listened with carelessness, and yet it had been upon his mind for a long time to ask Sir John some questions concerning it.

"Doctor," he said, "I want to ask you a question, simply to satisfy a bit of curiosity—you have been had some experiences with insane people?"

"Yes," replied Andrew. "I was for some years connected with the insane asylum in the city of my native town."

"Well—my question is this: Can a confirmed lunatic recover her—or his, reason?"

"That depends upon various circumstances. Some very marked cases have been cured. Hereditary insanity is generally incurable. It may say, absolutely so; but insanity caused by sorrow, or by some unfortunate occurrence in a nervous system, or by long suffering, may be cured. Have you a specific instance in your consciousness?"

"Let us suppose a case," said Sir John. "Suppose a woman, for instance,—we'll take a young woman—and suppose that she has all—first—suppose such a woman, in company with her family, should be captured by savages. She did for a curiosity in that direction—that is, suppose that she was willing to acknowledge, even to herself, that she was. Suppose that she had endured knowings, it was that she might serve her country. Suppose that she had endured all but—husband, children, and all; but she, by almost a miracle, is saved. The calamity fails to touch her, and she is left alone in the world, and she is perfectly insane. Now suppose that some person should, by chance or trouble, see her soon all the time, could there be any possibility of her recovering her senses again?"

"Still, Sir John, that would depend upon circumstances. If she were a woman of delicate, melancholy form, and the mental faculties were not too much shattered, I should answer yes; but she might possibly recover. And yet, again, there is nothing so uncertain as insanity in such a woman, during its quietness of her insanity,—unmarked by violence. Suppose that her case would be hopeless one; for one of violence would be more favorable. The first, fever would surely prove fatal; or, she would finally become idiotic."

"But," pursued the host, "suppose the woman's mind still retained all its primitive faculties of thought, and that she should be excited only by extraordinary circumstances, and that she should be brought face to face with some the pleasure or the unpleasant association; that her love should be called into the action of those faculties and intellect; and, that her body only failed and she should no longer be capable of performing or conducting?"

"I have known such cases to be cured," replied the doctor; "especially among females. I am not sure that I have not seen such in my experience; for the monotonic brain cannot bear so long and continued strain of suffering as does the female. True true women will bear up under the most terrible ills, and yet, in the end, can bear meekly and prayerfully that which would drive the hardened soul. My opinion is that it is not medicine which can work the cure of such a person. If the relief from her insanity does come, it will come through some agency. A fit of sickness, accompanied by paroxysms of fever, may do so completely exhaust her that she is to all lit to absolute repose, nay, if it does not terminate fatally, terminate in the restoration of reason."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. And it is not uncommon. Of course, cases are not of unfrequent occurrence where a man has continued so long so twenty years; but still, if the woman so completely exhausted, and at the same, she lapse of time would make no difference. She are aware that nothing can be made by the wasting away of the old substance, or the sealing up of the—"

Sir John nodded.

"Well, well so it is with the brain. When the long, severe sickness comes upon the brain sometimes, and her nerves become high and exhausting, her brain becomes more rugby than any other part of the body; and absolute exhaustion must follow. It is the brain which is most apt to be the result; but if, by fortunate circumstances, the brain can be saved, the mind mainly may be gone, and the mind comes back to its former and bright, as from a dream; for, in one sense, we may literally say, that a new brain has been made. Is this a case in point?"

Yes—John Glengrie thought he did. At all events, he was resolved to believe that it was the lesson woman at the sea, if she lived, might possibly regain her reason.

Would this do for him?

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNWILLING GUEST.

"No, no, Maggie—I do not wish a safe. You had better not go."

But I must go, mother. From what Roderic has said I am sure that poor Horatio may need some assistance; and you know that Roderic cannot go. He told me this morning that he would go to-day and see the woman if he could; but his presence was required in the camp, and it was impossible for him to leave. I know that he feels a deep interest in her welfare—a very deep interest."

"Perhaps you think it is a strange interest," remarked the widow, eyeing her daughter curiously.

"Yes, mother—I do think it is a strange interest; and yet I have not questioned him concerning it; for I know he would tell me in good time if he thought proper for me to know. However, I feel a strange interest, too. Something tells me that I ought to go to see her. There can be no danger. Roderic has captured the Tories."

"Not all, Maggie. Louis Grisewold is yet free."

"Ah—but he has gone over into Jersey. He crossed the river last evening."

"How do you know?"

"Roderic told me so this morning. Scouts were out all up and down the river, and he was sure; but it was too late to arrest him."

"Well, Maggie, I suppose you may have returned ere this. He may have come back last night."

"Pooh! you are frightened, mother."

"No—frightened, my child; but I will own that I am fearful."

"Do not fear on my account. I assure you there can be no danger. It is not possible that there should be any. It seems to me as though Roderic wished that I should go."

"He did not ask you to do so?"

"No."

"Did he tell you not him at it?"

"Perhaps not; but you I know that he feels a deep touching Horatio. I know that; and as I have said, he might wish to go. Our faithful old horse will take me there, and bring me back in perfect safety."

When Mrs. Burns found that her daughter was fully determined to go, she made one more remonstrance, and devised her speech to words of caution and advice. She urged her daughter that she would be very careful; that she would not go near the camp of the Tories; that she would and that she would stop nowhere else; and after she had given her full charge, she went to the blouse-like sack over her woollen dress, and then, shrugging her face into the hood, she quickly regulated as John Glengyle. At that moment she had no fears for herself. She had lived so near to the men for so many years, and had so often seen them in their midnight sports, as I have did not enter her mind. She only feared for her poor master.

"I shall not be much mischief," said Scipio, when Maggie had told him who was coming.

But before the maiden could reply Sir John had entered the hall and his four men with him. Two of these followers were servants of his, and the other two were strangers to our acquaintance, though the finest, from their garbs, that they were Tories. The servants started back a step when he saw Maggie Burns.

"Ha—ha!" he said, "Miss Maggie!"

The demand did not need an answer, and she made none.

"I thought you were in Newtown. How you have come here?"

"I came up to see the place, sir, and also to see Mr Roderic Glengyle's wounded men."

"Upon my soul, Maggie, you are a brave girl, and I will confess that our enterprise seems to dislike. I came for that very purpose. I have some valuable people ought not to be left here alone, especially as such times as these, and I have concluded to take them to Waldvale."

"Why, sir," said Maggie, "I do not think—"

"Well a good deal rudder say here."

"But I don't want you to go there," returned Sir John, abruptly. "You and Hecuba are going to Waldvale now, to-night. Where is the woman?"

"Well asleep, sure's."

"Then we'll have her up at once. There is no time to be lost. Where is Roderic Glengyle? He thinks he can over her. Wake her up."

Maggie was not used of this, in the slightest, but aroused the master, and she came to the door. Sir John told her his errand. He saw her, turned immediately to where his four men stood, and spoke with them in a whisper.

"Those two females I want," he said, "and I want them without any trouble or dispute. Secure them, and be on lighting with a sword and on for the other, she's the one that shot Wishtlely's men last night. Now, and I'll look out for the negro."

The servants approached Hecuba, and told her she must go with them. Maggie, still ignorant of the baronet's villainous design, and of herself, turned towards them, and as she did so, Scipio, who was called from the room by the two boatmen. John Glengyle advanced upon the negro, and before he knew what he was threatened to blow his brains out if he moved a muscle.

The whole work was done in a very few moments. Hecuba struggled, and so did Maggie struggle, but it was of no use. They were conquered with difficulty, while Maggie gave the alarm. Scipio, when he discovered that he was overmatched, and taken at a disadvantage, made but a remiss for not resisting further struggle. If he submitted before she lost her self-possession, and she would have been overcome by the two friends in case of need. Sir John was not a little pleased with the success the design of the baronet would then be impossible, and he would be free to go to the camp and accompany Horatio? Still she dismissed of Sir John was how was thus thwarted in the hour before him, after her hands had been crossed and bound behind her, and her feet tied, being in her eyes, and the proud curve upon her red school him why he had done this thing.

The host of Waldvale hesitated. He dared not provoke her further in the presence of his servants and the Tories.

"I mean you no harm," he said. "Go with me quietly, and you shall not be ill used by me."

"Why these bonds, sir?"

"Ah, my fair one, we here had an exhibition of your spirit, and we think it best to be careful how you are left in your own will of so much."

"I shall go with you, sir, but woe betide you if you do not release me!"

"You love no reason to fear that, Miss Maggie."

Poor Scipio had suffered most during this scene. His master's anger was upon him, and fat to lose. But he was forced to submit.

Hecuba, Maggie, and Scipio were then led hands were bound she sensed her reeling, and seized at once into a state of apparent indifference. She was aroused, however, when she thought her host friend was gone, and her own captivity.

Maggie's horse was brought out from the stall, and after Scipio had been placed upon his back, Sir John took the rein in his own hand, and led the animal from the room. One of the servants, and Maggie up by another, and then the cavalcade set off. When they reached the Hall, Hecuba and Scipio were first disposed of, they being both sent to a chamber in the upper the roof, where a stout lock could be sealed upon them, and where they could be together as usual. What further disposition should be made of them might be determined on the morrow.

As Maggie was led through the hall, she saw a man cross the way just ahead of her, coming in by one door and going out at another. He had a candle in his hand, and seemed to be in a hurry. The maiden stopped an instant, as though touched by an electric current, but she made no further sign, and quickly moved on again. Sir John went with her to her sleeping chamber, where he informed her that she might rest in peace if she pleased. The bond had been removed from her arms, and she saw that the appointment was a comfortable one.

"Not yet," she said, as the host started to retire. "If love a word to speak with you. I see a man in the hall as we came through. It was Louis Grisewold?"

"Very likely," replied the baronet. "Captain Grisewold is in the house, as I have learned since my arrival."

"And will he be suffered to trouble me?"

"Not with my will, Miss Maggie."

"John Glengyle," said our heroine, starting back, and gazing upon his face with a profound look, "I demand of you an answer to my question. You cannot evade it. I charge you, unwilling thought it be. I suffered myself to be easily entrapped, because I believed that you would not prove a traitor to the commonest instincts of humanity. Am I to be subjected to Louis Grisewold's insulting presence?"

John Glengyle threw off the mask.

"Maggie Burns," he said, with a fiendish glare in his eye, "when I went to the cot tonight I did not know that he was there, but when I did find you, I determined to take you from him. Yet since you have shown your greenness, nor can that sex shield you from the consequences of your folly. You have complicated. Personally I care nothing for you, one way or the other; but in the spirit of my long, unfinished neglect, I hate you. And so, as you have seen fit to speak out and declare yourself, Captain Grisewold, to his keeping I shall deliver you. You have chosen your own fate. Have you any more questions to ask?"

"Not of you, sir."

The baronet went out, and locked the door after him. Maggie listened until the sound of his footfall died away in the distance, and then she examined the doors and windows of her apartment. Her first conclusion was that escape was evident; Escape from that prison was impossible.

What should she do? She sat down and reflected, and while she reflected she examined her pockets, to see that they were to be depended upon. She was not entirely helpless, though she was a prisoner, for she had preserved her presence of mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LET THEM SCOLD!

This is a hard world, isn't it? Here people have to bear such other's burdens; and wives and husbands continually chase their backbone here the toothache, or get sheet of bones. Nowhere, women are always getting their fingers mashed between the cogs of the mill—the mischievous machinery of life—they have been in a railroad accident, or have been shot, or attacked the unlucky spider. Don't see, either, why the world is considered a hard place to live in, after all. Why should we be lectured every time an unfortunate fellow gets a little cross? Mr. One of your own size, Mr. Quill, and don't waste your sympathy on the weaker vessels. Remember this womankind! Now just look at the folly of it. Here is Mr. Jones, who has had a hard day's work, no discipline, and wife—sprinkled, and has been out in the rain, and has had to run for fear of a car, who dreams about abysmal lakeands, and thinking "crispy" at last, and wakes up to find whether without a pair of scissors in his bed—he constantly himself into a state of mind, and corner of the neck frenzies who are confiding enough to have confidence in their wife's sob in print. He has been in the habit of getting up at 6 o'clock, and at all events, his wife fruit, and wears badly. Now, what does she do? Does understand the art of making good coffee, and of course, all the rest of the family have to suffer with him. Why don't she?—*sure* upon us! What are we upon earth for, if we can't do anything—do but we mean, he had a little rather not stir up Mr. Jones's wrath, when he is in such a condition, and peaceable. So he sneaks off down town, in disgust, and really forgiven and half brushed, and his tan fingers sticking through his gloves in his vest, and his hair all over, coffee like a tyrant lies in dirt, and lets off his temper on the stranger in a town—and the weakness of the female sex—a struggling mother-in-law, and the baby, and servant, and always clean, nor their curls smooth, and will if the investigation were carried a Centuryse, as individual Hamilton would be found to be within the ten of madame's stocking! Strokes of all the inconsolable heart cut over head and all

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

"Terms—$3 per Annum, in Advance."

TO A FRIEND, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY PIERRE CAEY.

The untried feet have safely reached
The bound of childhood's pleasant shore;
And all the joy which childhood has
Is thine to claim, to explore.

What though the last still recently kept
No longer may'st be thine always?
The great trust of thy womanhood
Is laid upon thy soul to-day.

O, solemn hour, O, joyful hour,
What power to thee is given?
Thou holdst within thy mortal hand,
Thy sister's future in thine will;
The quality and the youth must hide.

Yet better things than these are older;
Faith, and confident purity,
And love that never tires.

Keep these as well, that then may'st say,
Entering at last the gates of heaven,
Lo! Father, I, and the child's son here,
With right to claim the best given.

Say thy soul shall shine as late
As when that day, and all its graces,
A jewel fitted to adorn
The Saviour's everlasting crown.

THE RUSTIC FINANCIERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LEDGE MOUNTAIN BOYS.

Among all the curious and cunning devices ever contrived to make money without legitimate means, not one, perhaps, can be found which surpasses, in originality and shrewdness, a scheme got up for that purpose, and successfully carried out, some twenty years ago, in one of the interior towns of Vermont, called Corn Corners, by three men, known by the strange names of Rish Coneiglio, Bill Venuta, and Pipb Gonzales, who summoned being nicknamed by the odd and crafty old pettifogger or screwl by the odd and crafty old pettifogger or screwl by the odd and crafty old pettifogger or screwl by the place, who, in turn, was called by them *Jim Ross Bigbee*.

The tavern here chosen—that standing Elysian, of small, ordinary village accommodations. At the head-quarters of the above-named trio. At one of their meetings it was place on a stormy evening, when the inclemency of the weather kept all other company from the house, Rish Coneiglio, the balding spirit of the three, who had been for some time in a very gloomy, suddenly aroused himself, and, bringing down his pulm with a sharp slap on the bare, rickety table, exclaimed:

"I have it. Yes, sire, *I have it!* It is done!"

"What is it you have? and what is it that's done?" said his companions, looking at him in surprise.

"The new plan I've been studying out for no, concerning which we three have so often talked together," said the former, gazing round cheerfully at the sleeping landlord.

"Talk it out," said Bill Venuta. "No risk from that source."

"I don't know about that," rejoined Coneiglio, shaking his head. "It will be more prudent to do nothing at all than to go ahead, and, in case of any hitch"—

"But it will be no hitch or kind'er suppose a case, so as give us a sort of general idea of your scheme; no matter if it is a little blind. I can guess it," remarked Gonzales, with a wise, knowing look, which himself a dealer in anything.

"Then, to strike at once at the root of the matter, I must, unfortunately, say that you are no *Yan de Nan a thought of Samson nature or big or* so-called. Don't laugh, I beg of you. The simple fact forms the base of my whole scheme."

"Ah! And there are always certain points of that classic that we can seize on, and turn to our advantage! That is quite an idea—I begin to see. Well! have a plan out of it, if you have not already."

"But I have—a regular plan, and pretty much decided how to carry it out in the details, and if you'll hear me out we have to keep clear of legal range. Let us be off early, and stop at Verdant's tavern, where you must have my whole plan, which we will discuss, and then agree on a time to begin operations," added Coneiglio, as the three donned their fox-skin caps and left the tavern.

On the third morning after this, Coneiglio and Venuta were seen, with appropriate implements of sleuth, making their way in the cow brook train of the former out of the village, and, turning northward, on some unknown destination. As times now and ever before were quite apprehensive about all their movements, and had some of which saying a word about the matter, though evidently equipped for a considerable journey, their departure at once attracted general attention. And many were the queries and conjectures raised among the curious and busy during the progress of the unusual movement, but nobody could get any light upon the subject. In this dilemma Pipb Gonzales, who, having been employed by his confederates to get a necessary part to his game afoot, now made his appearance in the street, was appealed to on all sides to tell the astonishing the singular affair. But he, though supposed to have overheard their business, and especially that of the two men in question, appeared to turn his deaf ear to all sides he could, and, slighting

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1861.

THE CLOSE OF THE EXERCISES AND INTERESTING CEREMONIES of the Female Department of the College will be held on Wednesday next, and regular weekly issues of the LEDGER will be resumed on the following day. Due notice will be given of the exact time when the doors will be opened for the admission of visitors.

WE ALWAYS SEE THE LEDGER in the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if we wish to continue, it may be renewed without delay. Subscribers will confer a favor by sending us the money before the time expires.

NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed in travelling agencies. If any party presents himself to any one as such you can put him down as a swindler.

WE CHANGE without charge the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us the old as well as the new address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

"Spare the rod, and spoil the child." The history of humanity has never been written, for all annals are of grown people, and they, either engaged in political or professional contests. The child—"the father of the man"—above all, has time for had no histories, and it has had its great sufferer. There is hardly a man of a certain or mature age who does not recur with indignation to the infernal treatment he met with at school, and remember many joys blighted by persons placed in control over him. Our literature is just beginning to be aware to the faults, of all things, the child is the most sensitive. God's youthful image full of life and love, innocent, confiding, gentle, affectionate, filling all creation with wondrous imaginings, has from time out of date to be moulded in accursed bigotry, lorst and personal ignorance, and to be subordinate always to the dogmas mixed with error, and tyranny of adult nature.

The world has been full of books. There were many men who could not read themselves them. There are infinitely more now with the invention of printing. But it was reserved for the literature of the last twenty years to show a writer who had the genius to strike a blow for children abused and insulted, in "comfortable homes," in dreary schools-rooms, in devilish factories.

CHARLES DICKENS is the great epic of the sorrows of youth born of shame and poverty. Of all the childhood's in the forms, and story of boyhood crushed and tortured by the fiendish spirit of a stepfather under the guise of a whole-some disciplinarian.

Let parents remember that both child is a fresh incoming, fitful, wilful spirit from heaven. Let them not overlay the child's genius with too much study, too much restraint, and too much doing everything at the sound of the bell. Common sense, in short, should be applied to it never discovered a new emidence, or invented a new world-revolutionizing agency. As ordinarily interpreted, it is apt to save up small things and miss great ones; to belittle endeavors by unattention rules, to stifle the help of heither, the Creative God, and to rob life of love's charms. The child should never fear a parent. The instant it does so, one of the holiest bonds has died. It is this second spirit of fear which has ruled most households where the softness of gentle breeding has not entered. It begets gloom, hypocrisy, and lays the seeds of crime. The worst boys at school are those most assailed by the severest house disciplines, where some thick-headed father brings his usual principles to measure the infinitudes of the universe, and probe with his intelligence of a "5" mast, his genius of Milton," who works off his spirits, repressed in the house, by desperate mischievousness elsewhere.

The men who know how to win the affections of a child are very rare. Dear Oliver Goldsmith painted one in his "Beautiful Preacher." The character was himself. Charles Dickens is most delighted in coupling with children. Women are of course much better than men in these regards, but their capacity for gaining the love of little ones is far from being so general as is ordinarily supposed. The child is truer than the man. Each day to him is as the day of his birth, and he is born anew. He is not distressed as to what happened thousands of hundreds of years ago. He is not inquisitive about the precise number of persons in the Amphictyonic Council, absorbed on the logic, nor does he howl over FOX'S Book of Martyrs, or the Massacre of the Huguenots. He is not a victim fictitious distinctions, or whether he is playing with a boy or a lady—a grocer's son, made to be told, and unless he be dragooned into being an aristocrat spy. The child knows not when he does not know he is learning. Give him fresh air and spare with foreign toys, and he will be a critic in their language in a year. Twenty pages of dusk-study over a dead tongue will not give him a tithe of equal verbal facility, and they may not do think, no, not to improvised, to dream in either language. Two or three hours' study for children is ample. Beyond that the attention flags, and the bodily system suffers. The old scheme of cramming and flogging was brutal; it was monster idea that of negging. In the guidance of children, let us not take the view of victims times immersed and blinded by dusky polygamy. The man who recommended flogging children knew not a woman, or a gentle wife them. Caress them. Amuse them. Find out the masonry of their humanity, and do not touch it skilfully. So as a child to a child. But strike a child—never.

A GOOD SOLDIER COUNTS THE COST.

There is an opinion afloat in the world that the hero is a man who is never afraid. If that were true, there would be no heroes in any such man. Fear is an essential part of human character. The instinctive dread of evil or death only, but of all that causes, resembles, or accompanies death, is necessary to the preservation of the species, and of every species. Lions and tigers are often afraid; and, are very easily frightened, unless their terrors are swallowed up in a stronger passion. If fear had been totally left out of the composition of lions, the human race would have become extinct very soon after its creation.

One of our American authors well remarks that nature has made those passions exceedingly strong and alert which are necessary to the perpetuation of our species. The two principal ones are love and fear. It was needful that we should instinctively, without delay, avoid that thinking about it, *shrink* from everything that endangers life. It was necessary that all the avenues to the seat of life should be guarded with myriads of nerves, each capable of making the entire frame writhe with agony.

Why the bravest of living men is capable of fear. The Duke of Wellington used to say that no man ever went into battle for the first time without feeling a good deal of dread and apprehension. "If any man denies it," he would add, "I set him down as a coward."

When I was a young man," says old John Adams, "I had a great desire to be a soldier, and it is a question with me to this day whether I should have been a coward or a hero."

It has never been a question with anybody else. No man possessed in stronger this desire for real patriotism, intelligence, principle, spirit, pride, and a robust constitution. He would certainly have done his duty in the field, as he did in a cooler sphere in trying. Moreover, his candid admission of the possibility of his proving a coward, is itself an indication of value. If we were forming a regiment, we should discriminate from the men who say they are not afraid, those who say they are afraid, but should profess to be unacquainted with fear, or who should regard with indignation, contempt or derision, a suggestion of the possibility of its ever being shared.

The brave man is he who, carrying into danger all human instincts and passions, has the will to resist them. He presses in struggle the love of country, sense of duty, self-respect. The coward is he who gives up what life is worth, knows also that without self-approval it is impossible to live with any joy. He comprehends that one of the necessities of a good and honorable life is a good death. Such a proof of, since great lives are only be laid in great and fine causes. The brave man is he who, by giving his life to his country. He takes with him a little life that no love remains, and to the cause he fights for. If he comes out alive, why, it is a clear and unexpected gain.

HUMAN TIGERS.

On the western coast of Africa, set more than two hundred and fifty miles from the civilized settlements, there is a barbarous country called the kingdom of Dahomey, a "corner of land" not known to the rest of the world, except by those remaining about two hundred thousand inhabitants. Their king was graciously pleased to call LEGGUN, an article referring to the manners, customs and habits of this one of the most blood-thirsty of all slaughter-loving tribes. The present king is the father of the reigning king had recently died, and the funeral rites were carried in due time to celebrate the obsequies of his majesty's departure to the land of spirits. A great number of threats, and navigating, in his state barge, to the land of spirits, a number of his victims. It appears, by recent advices from Africa, that the King of Dahomey has carried out faithfully his promise to the letter. The blood of the murdered victims of his barbarous rites was in no occasion made for the purpose, furnished the means of transporting the deceased king and drop for his mediated pleasure excursion. The king's son, Prince Gezo, who has succeeded him backward and forward over the Atlantic ocean, until it was supposed that the sanguinary ghost of his papa, king Ghezo, was appeased. Murder, torture, and death seem to be the principal recreations in Dahomey. Even those with human blood, are handled from death skulls, is a popular drink among the chiefs. The guard of the royal army consists of a female brigade five thousand strong, who have the post of honor in all battles, and are said to be more ferocious and of more unrelenting of feeblish atrocity than the male soldiers.

Dahomey pretends to have held friendly intercourse—a fetid that, so far as we are aware, has never been denied. But no treaty has ever been made to discriminate the "blood tabs" of that fiend of Dahomey, and the consequence is, he were probably offered up as a sacrifice to the ferocious appetite of the monster, before he was fervently worshipped by the Dahomeys. Seriously, it is a matter to astonishing that the details of atrocities as those practised in Dahomey should be communicated to the public. Europe and the Some powerful nation ought to arise, upon the country, and put it, and reform its morals of its debased people, and demonize rulers, with a single blow.

DISPATCHES FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

That unreliable jade, Rumor, seems to have supreme command of all the electro-magnetic telegraphic lines between the seat of war and with a disregard for truth and consistency something unparalleled in the public. Reading the latest versions of the "spin-in-bu-knave" story, we are astonished at the coolness of the manufacturers—those one monster over the wires, from Washington to the extremities of the North. Our correspondents have always been in the habit of dressing up their letters in terms of interest, but now they sometimes give the lie to their own statements in the course of three to four columns of so many "children." They will fight you to the bottly, artillery, Minié rifles, and cold steel at 5 P. M., and then, before the next day's issue, rumors, balls, shells, sabres, bayonets, smoke, blood and gunpowder, are seen, or heard of, no more! There is another remarkable feature in these correspondences—the number of killed. There never was seen them!

Yes myself, and my information is none the less reliable.

Very well, sir, we will see to it,' was the closing answer of the Major.

The Major and Commissioner created fresh alarm among the women and children; and after the Commissioner had left the house, the women thought our commander made too light of our fears. Consequently, the women and children of the less beings there were under his charge, who were the Commissioner's representatives, and the majority of the men thought with Beauty, that the Major was right. Before the sun ascended its great nucleus was true, they would be safe at Sumter as at the house, and he was not to be repulsed with great slaughter. Our men were conditional disposed to be of the savage assault, and our overweening confidence in our own superiority rendered the successors to which we fell.

The awful thirtieth of August, 1861—will never shall I forget it! It was about the hour of noon, of a hot, sultry day, and I was sitting in the room with my family, when from the early-baked boy, my musket leaning against the window, and my sword hanging conveniently, I sentinel first his piece, and shouted:

"Boys! the rebels are upon us!"

"Groups of men, who were lounging about, lessening sprang to their feet, grasped their weapons, and with terrible fight and slaughter on both sides. The Indians, in a large company, body, were crowding forward to their places in the rear, and with equal success. Our yells and thirsty mingled, as we grappled in the work of death—and white fiercer, and dusky foe soon strewed the earth around, locked in a last bloody embrace.

"At length a body rushed past us and took possession of one of the block-houses; and as this somewhat lessened the immediate crowd at the gate, we were enabled, by reloading rapidly, to close and secure it. This gave us a breathing spell, and one by greatly needed, for our terrible exertions had nearly overcome us. We were assisted I stood leaning against one of the palisades, panting and scarcely able to stand. I was not wounded, nor my injury, but I was much cut and bruised, and covered with blood from head to foot. Before me was a most horrible and sickening sight. Not less than ten of my comrades, and some fifteen savages, lay dead around us, a score of twenty feet square, with cloven skulls, glaring, death-glazed eyes, and bloody, distorted visages; while all around were wounded and dying men, whose deep groans and sickening shrieks were awful to hear. Among these was Major Beasly, who, in gallantly attempting to repel the first fierce rush, had been severely wounded, and would command us no more. A large number of women, with the usual cries of distress and woe, now came rushing wildly from their places of safety, in search of husbands and brothers; and as first as they could find their husbands, the wounded, dying and dead, with lamentations as time, piercing and heart-rending. The fight was an awful scene; but there was one more awful yet to come.

"Major Wilson without the fort now rushed forward to the gate, and a murderous fire through the loop-holes, by which a number of our men were killed and wounded. Then we charged upon the loop-holes, forced back the savages, and again closed the gate. But as soon as the savages could reload their weapons, they returned and again charged upon the fort, and we in turn were obliged to give way. This was done in order to secure the safety of those

SUPPLICATION.

BY ALICE CARY.

O thou, who all my life hast crowned
With better things than I could ask,
Be it to-day my humble task
To own from depths of grief profound,
The many sins, which darken through
What little good I do.

I have been too much used, I own,
To tell my needs in fretful words—
The clamoring of the silly birds,
Impatient till their wings be grown,
Have thy forgiveness. O, my blessed Lord,
The like to me accord.

Of grace, as much as will complete
Thy will in me, I pray thee for,
Even as a rose shut in a drawer
That maketh all about it sweet,
I would be, rather than the cedar fine,—
Help me, thou Power divine.

With charity fill thou my heart,
As Summer fills the grass with dews,
And as th' year itself renews
In th' Sun, when Winter days depart,
Blessed forever, grant thou me
To be renewed in Thee.

THE HUNTED FELON;

OR,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF LYNN.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

A week after the arrest of Gault and his comrades in guilt, the trial took place. At an early hour the court-room was thronged with spectators, and a regiment of soldiers kept guard outside. At length the magistrates, with their curled and powdered wigs, and robes of office, took their seats on the bench, and then a band of musicians were heard playing "the Rogue's March," and the three prisoners were led in, and placed in the dock. The crowd surged forward, for all were anxious to obtain a glimpse of the hunted felons. Gault wore his usual stolid aspect, and braved it out like the trained desperado that he was. Ross was flushed and restless, and Heathcote pale, silent, despairing. The sheriff opened the court with the usual formalities, and the prisoners rose to answer to the indictment, which charged Ross with the crime of murder, and the others as having been his accomplices. All pleaded Not Guilty, and the counsel for the prosecution, after a few remarks, proceeded to summon his witnesses.

"Moll Pitcher, come into court," shouted the sheriff.

"Moll Pitcher, come into court!" echoed a voice near the door, and the sibyl of High Rock glided through the throng, and took her station.

"Let the witness be sworn," said the attorney, and the oath was duly administered. Heathcote started as if some pale sleeper from a chancel vault had risen to confront him, and even Gault winced, for they thought her face boded no good.

"May it please your worships," she began, in the thrilling voice peculiar to her, "I lived at Lynn, when this horrid murder was perpetrated. I heard the alarm given by the terror-stricken boy, and was among the first who reached the Pirate's Glen. I found the poor woman weltering in her gore, I saw the broken dagger, the trampled, blood-stained grass, and from her stiffened fingers I took a lock of hair, which she tore from the head of her murderer. I have kept it—here it is, and I now resign it to your worships." There was a profound sensation as she laid the black lock before the magistrates, and all listened intently when, after a brief pause, she continued:

"On returning to my home, I saw a gentleman near the door. I asked him why he was there, and he said he wished my advice on an important matter. He followed me into the house, where three sailors were waiting for me, but told them those who had come first should be served first. He seated himself, and did not appear to heed anything around him, till Gervayse Gault came rushing in, and cried, 'Mother Moll, Captain Ward has offered five hundred pounds for the apprehension of his daughter's murderer—put me on the track, and I'll share the reward with you!' I sharply reprimanded him for thinking only of gold at such a time, and then Ralph Heathcote sprang up, and inquired what had happened. I told Mabel Ward's story, and his emotion during the recital aroused my suspicions, that if he had not done the deed, he had been an accomplice. I set a sibyl's arts aside, and brought my woman's wits to discover the felon. I produced the lock of hair I had taken from her fingers; I declared her face peering from the dusky corners of the room, and from my magic cup—I demanded why she thus haunted me, and asked if it were possible her murderers could be in my presence! The sailors asserted, with the pride of honest manhood, that they were innocent; Heathcote was dumb till Gault recalled him to his senses by asserting that he supposed they could all say the same, when Heathcote solemnly affirmed he knew nothing of the deed till he entered my house. On Gault's hinting that he must have a sympathetic nature, he said he was a cousin of Captain Ward's, had come to visit the family, and should have gone there at once, had he not thought it too late to trespass on their hospitality. I resolved not to tell his fortune that night, and set out for the Glen, my visitors following me. When we reached the scene of the murder, I kept my eye upon Heathcote, and his appearance confirmed my suspicions. He had pretended to be a stranger to Gault, but I saw enough that night to convince me they were old friends. When I reached my home, and sat down for reflection, I remembered a conversation I had overheard one stormy night at Nahant between Gault and Antoine Lafarge, a Frenchman, who had recently taken up his abode in a hut near Irene's Grotto. They chuckled over the success of some scheme they had set afoot—said the Lynn people were rather inquisitive, but they had managed to mislead them, and that they had laid a fatal train, which would be ignited as soon as the person against whom they were plotting should land on our shores. And that person I have since had reason to believe was Mabel Ward."

"And when was it that you overheard their talk?" queried the attorney.

"Three weeks before the murder was committed; and Gault expressed a dread of me, as, if I were a witch, I could read their hearts through any mask they could wear, and old Antoine suggested that gold might bribe me to silence. From my hiding-place, I bade them beware how they trifled with Moll Pitcher. Startled and affrighted, they searched the immediate neighborhood, but I knew the recesses of the grotto better than they, and I have since heard they came to the conclusion that the speaker was an idiot boy who acted in the capacity of servant to Gault. Well, I resolved to keep a sharp look-out, and I have. A week ago, with two Boston officials and my husband, I entered a room next door to Heathcote's at the Golden Fleece. We loosened a panel a bit, and saw a person admitted to Heathcote's chamber. He seemed to be an old man, and even his host did not recognize him through his disguise, till he asserted he was John Ross. A long conversation ensued, and we learned that my suspicions were well founded—that Heathcote had bribed Ross to commit the murder, and Gault had assisted him in his preparations, and in concealing him afterward. My testimony is now closed!"

She retired, and her evidence was substantiated by the two officers she had mentioned, and Robert Pitcher, her husband. Then the sheriff exclaimed—

"The valled witness will come into the court!"

"The valled witness will come into the court!" reiterated the usher, and old Captain Ward and his wife appeared, supporting between them a woman, veiled from head to foot. Slowly, slowly they led her to the witness stand, where a capacious easy chair had been provided for her.

The oath was taken, her thick crape veil was flung back, revealing a face scarcely less pallid than when it had gleamed in the spectral moonlight, which ever and anon shot through the boughs of the cedars and pines of the Pirate's Glen, but the face of MABEL WARD HEATHCOTE nevertheless! For an instant the guilty trio in the dock leaned forward in an agony of shame and fear; a howl of rage and despair broke from Gault, a curse from Ross, a wild, wailing cry from Heathcote.

"My God," he muttered, clinging to the heavy railing, "the dead has risen—the dead has risen!"

"No!" shouted Captain Ward, "my daughter lives! Thank God! thank God! she lives to bear testimony against a gang of villains so vile, that they ought to suffer a thousand deaths if possible. The night of the tragedy at Lynn, while my heart seemed breaking with grief, Moll Pitcher drew me aside, and whispered that, as she stood near Mabel's feet, she had perceived a slight warmth, and about the heart also. She

AN EXPLANATION.

gave it as her opinion that the wound was not deep enough to cause death; and, fired with a new hope, I had my daughter and her child borne home immediately. I carried Mabel into the chamber which had been fitted up for her reception, and summoned Watkins, a woman who had once been a nurse in a London hospital. I told her that there were some signs of life about her, and remained with her an hour. We cleansed and dressed the wounds, placed flasks of warm water at her feet, chafed her cold hands, and administered cordials, till we felt sure she was yet alive. Then I went to my wife, who was almost insane, and breathed a word of consolation; when I left her I met Moll Pitcher. She had been with nurse Watkins, and brought potent herbs, which the Indians had given her. She and I held a brief interview, in which she planned far better than I could have done in my excitement. She proposed that what we had discovered with regard to Mabel should be kept a secret, till the felon who had murdered her child, and left her apparently dead, should be brought to justice, as the authorities would feel more interested in the search, and I could not rest till I knew my daughter's foe. By Moll's advice, I decided to bury an empty coffin with that of little Agnes, and not even Grace was told who the ghost was that haunted Mabel's chamber. The doctor who had attended my wife in her nervous attacks, nurse Watkins, Mrs. Ward, myself and Moll Pitcher, with the God who is over all, were the only ones that knew Mabel was yet alive. For months she was so weak that we had to use every precaution to prevent driving her to madness; while at Lynn, no words of mine can tell how feeble she was; and when we removed to Boston, the opening and shutting of a door, and indeed the slightest sound would send a thrill through her whole frame, and she would fancy somebody was in pursuit of her. We had the walls of her room stuffed like carriage cushions, that she might not hear the noise; and so in her chamber, which was in the wing opposite the drawing and dining-rooms, the apartments frequented by Heathcote, she never heard his voice. When she gained strength to tell me who her husband was, she said his name was Guy Hastings; afterward, when he was arrested, and I learned what a villain he was, I suspected he might have wooed and won her under an assumed name, and I carried into her chamber a portrait cousin Ralph had given me when high in my favor. With a shriek she recognized it—moaned, '*My husband! my husband!*' and swooned away. I will now sit down, and let her speak for herself, but, as God hears me, I have told the truth!"

"May it please the court," said the pale, wasted woman at his side, "I am the wife of the man known to you as Ralph Heathcote. I was sixteen when I met him at the house of a fortune-teller on Copp's Hill, whither I had gone with a gay girl of my acquaintance. As we entered, a handsome gentleman came out, and when, after having had our fortunes told, we started for home, and encountered some drunken rioters, he offered to escort us to my father's door. We gladly assented, and, on reaching the house, received no reprimand, as my parents were both gone. From that time he haunted me whenever I went out alone. He soon declared he had fallen in love with me at first sight, and in an evil hour I eloped with him. I believe he did love me then, for he treated me with the utmost tenderness, and on reaching Paris, our marriage was solemnized. Ours was a roving life; but I was happy till Zoe Gonzalez, a gipsy girl, with whose heart he had trifled before he saw me, unvailed something of his character. Then I grew wretched, and should have been desperate, had I not been blest with two sweet children."

She paused, as if to gain strength, and resumed:

"He kept up the semblance of affection till we went to Naples, and then he became harsh and neglectful. I was often hungry, and Agnes and Guy cried for bread. What could I do? I embroidered, I pawned my jewels, my rich clothing, for food for them, and tried to ascertain the cause of his conduct. Finally—the gipsy girl told me—that—that he had fallen desperately in love with a portrait—a portrait of a beautiful young American, and had sworn to desert me, follow her to her native land, and marry her. About this time our little Guy died, and I fondly dreamed this would arouse his conscience. But, no—he grew more sullen, more neglectful; blows took the place of caresses and endearing words!"

Again she stopped, and the throng swayed to and fro in breathless interest. A glass of wine was administered to the witness, and she proceeded:

"The gipsy girl talked of the stiletto, and the poisoned bowl, but God gave me strength to resist the temptation. I, however, kept a watch upon his movements—I listened at the key-hole, in the dead of night, when Gault was at our lodgings, and learned that the beautiful American was an heiress, had ten thousand pounds a year in her own right, and was, moreover, my cousin Grace! My resolution was soon taken: I would save her from ruin like mine, bear my living child to my old home, and die in my mother's arms. I left the Bay of Naples, flaming Vesuvius, and the child who slept dreamlessly in that continental city, and with my little Agnes sailed for America. I landed at Salem, and when I got there, I had not a farthing to pay for a conveyance to my home. I started on foot, and dragged myself and child on, till I reached what I know to be the Pirates' Glen. 'There! there! the time's come! and be sure and strike home!' exclaimed a voice which appeared strange to me. 'I will!' answered another voice. The next moment I was grappled by the throat, my child snatched from me—my precious child—my all! A wondrous strength seemed to nerve me; I fought desperately, but I was overpowered. Then I begged—begged for the life that was now, ah! so dear a boon. My prayers were disregarded—a mocking laugh answered me—the steel was plunged into my breast—and I knew no more till I awoke in my father's mansion, and saw, as in a trance, the face of nurse Watkins."

"And who was the murderer, who left you there, and flung your child into the Pirates' Well?" queried the prosecuting attorney.

"Neither of the three men who sit in the dock, though they have been proved accomplices. It was—it was—a negro, slender but supple, and with a pair of eyes which glared upon me like those of some wild beast."

"Have any negroes been arrested?" asked the counsel, addressing the sheriff.

"Yes, but we could prove nothing against them, and, besides, they were both too gigantic to be the person she has described."

"I think that must have been a mere disguise," exclaimed Captain Ward.

"Aye, old man, it was a disguise!" shrieked a voice which sent a thrill through every listener, and into the court-room stalked a woman, her feet bare and bruised, her form wasted to a shadow, her lips purple and swollen, her long, tangled hair dashed with many a gleam of silver, and her eyes emitting a strange, phosphoric glitter.

"I, Zoe Gonzalez—the daughter of a gipsy queen and a Spanish hidalgo, with the fire of two fierce nations in my blood—I stabbed Mabel Heathcote, and hurled her little Agnes into the well whose waters had once quenched the thirst of the fugitive pirates!"

Heathcote gave a sudden start, for till now he had supposed Ross the murderer; and even astute Moll Pitcher stood aghast. Zoe paused an instant to mark the effect of her words, and then resumed, in good English, but with a strong foreign accent:

"All you have heard of me in this trial, is true. When I discovered how false my English lover was, I grew desperate—I resolved to rise between him and his young wife, and wherever they went, I followed. I was the means of unmasking his black heart to her, but still I hated her with all the passionate hatred of which my race is capable. When she fled to her native land, I sailed in the same vessel which bore her from Genoa, but I wore a page's dress, and pretended to act in that capacity to my brother, who assumed the state of a Spanish nobleman. She never saw me without my jaunty cap, whose plumes drooped low over my face, and never suspected me, I am sure."

"No, no," responded Mabel.

"Well, when we reached Salem, I followed her, and as she started for Lynn, crept along, taking care not to lose sight of her. At last a voice from a thicket exclaimed:

"Zoe Gonzalez, is that you, dressed up like a man?" for I had exchanged my page's suit for the ordinary costume of young men. I looked round in surprise, and John Ross started from the place where he had been lurking. "Why are you here?" he asked.

"Because Ralph Heathcote's wife is here—I go where she goes!"

Ross laughed, and muttered:

"You hate her then as bad as ever?"

"Yes."

He drew a pistol from the folds of his blouse, and showed it to me, adding:

"I am going to shoot her—she walks but slowly—I shall soon overtake her!"

A terrible temptation seized upon me—revenge in that hour seemed sweet. "Let me do it—let me wipe out the long score I owe her," I whispered.

"Do you mean so?" he inquired, looking intently at me.

"I am not wont to jest on such subjects," was my reply; "see my hand is steady, my blood is on fire!"

"Well, will you take the pistols?"

"No, I have a poniard, which has never left me since I discovered Ralph's treachery!"

"But you must take this mask!" and he produced a black mask, through which my eyes glared as Mabel Heathcote tells you, like some wild beast's. He gave me a few directions, and as I started in pursuit, hissed: "Don't fail to make sure of it—be sure too to kill the brat!"

Near the place which they call the Pirate's Glen, I again saw Ross, who was skulking about; Mabel was not far in advance, toiling on with her child in her arms, and soon after he gave the signal, and bade me strike home. The rest of that terrible tragedy you know, but when the deed was done, when Mabel lay, with her pale face upturned to me, and little Agnes had ceased to shriek from the well, I would have given worlds, could I have brought them back to life. I fled, and soon learned that I had by my crime removed two obstacles which stood between Ralph Heathcote and the young Southern heiress. Maddened by grief and remorse, I threatened to expose Ralph, but Ross and Gault declared they would betray my secret if I did. My brother had died of an epidemic, which prevailed in Salem when we landed there, and I felt alone in the world. Rigid search was made for the felon, who had committed the murder, and I lay concealed among the marsh-grass, the caves and woods, in old mills and other places in the neighborhood, till fear drove me from the Colony of Massachusetts. Then, disguised in men's clothing, I journeyed through New Hampshire. Sometimes I ventured into a wayside inn, or a farmer's house, but there they talked of the Lynn murder, and I dared not stay! On reaching the quiet Shaker village in Canterbury, I thought I should be safe if I joined them, but I discovered that some of the men suspected me, and again pushed on. When I reached the solitudes of the White Mountains, I fancied I should find rest, but remorse drove me frantic. I was light of foot, and inured to hardship from my childhood, and you could not find me. 'Tis not toilsome journeyings that have wasted my strength and bloom, and whitened my hair at twenty-six! I'm dying of remorse!"

For a moment her voice died away, her emaciated figure swayed like a reed, when fierce winds sweep over it; but with a strong effort, she regained sufficient composure to proceed.

"I have still another revelation to make. Gervayse Gault, a notorious villain, who has had as many as a score of assumed names, was condemned to die in London. He escaped from Newgate, and with John Ross and several men of his stamp, formed an association, known in Europe as the Vulture League. Every member wears somewhere about his person a badge, with the device of a vulture, holding in his talons a writhing serpent. To this brotherhood Ralph Heathcote belongs, and being handsome and fascinating, is of great service. Finding the police on their track in Paris, they went to Italy, and in Naples, Heathcote, as his wife has told you, saw and fell in love with the portrait of Grace Ward. Gault deepened his passion by repeating what he had heard of her charms, and as she was vastly rich, and they just then out of business, a plot was laid to murder Mabel and child, and make Grace his bride. Her fortune was then to have been divided between Gault, who assumed the appearance of an honest laborer at the Iron Works; Ross, who figured as the mysterious pilot; Jacob Islington, who made shoes for a living; and Heathcote, who played the gentleman. The only proselyte they made in Lynn was Antoine Lafarge, who ought to be arrested. There—there—my story is told!"

An officer moved to her side, to keep guard, but with a sad smile, she murmured:

"Fear not! She who has voluntarily surrendered herself will not flee!"

After some consultation, the magistrates, jury, lawyers, decided that no other witnesses need be called, and the judge rose, and exclaimed:

"Zoe Gonzalez, since by you own confession, you are guilty of the murder of Agnes Heathcote by drowning in the Pirate's Well, you will be taken hence to jail, there to remain till you can be brought to trial in due form of law. And as the jury have, without retiring, given a verdict of GUILTY in the case of you, Gervayse Gault, John Ross and Ralph Heathcote, the sentence of the court is that you each be taken hence to jail, there to remain until the third day of October next, and thence to be taken to the scaffold at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, and then and there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy upon your souls!"

"Amen!" breathed a sweet, but solemn voice, and poor Mabel was borne out in a death-like swoon.

"And now," resumed the judge, "let the guard take back the prisoners!"

The sturdy man who had been watching Zoe, grasped her arm, and said:

"Come, come!"

There was no movement—no answer. He repeated his command, but she did not heed him. The next moment he lifted her, and turned her faded face to the light—she was dead!

"What is the matter!" queried the judge, as he perceived a stir around the felon so long hunted in vain.

"She will not require a guard, may it please your worship; she is dead—stone dead!"

"Dead!" gasped Heathcote, and the word ran from lip to lip like wild-fire, as the throng surged like ocean billows in their anxiety to obtain a glimpse of the Zincali girl.

"What can be done with her?"

"An inquest must be held."

And now the coroner came forward, and went through the usual formalities. Then a query arose as to where she should be buried.

"In the stranger's corner of the Copps Hill Burying Ground," said one.

"No, no," cried Hortense L'Estrange, rushing forward; "she shall not be buried like a dog! Take her up and follow me!"

She hastened from the court-room, and an hour later the gipsy girl lay shrouded for the grave. The other criminals were remanded to jail; and that night, as Heathcote sat brooding over his misfortunes, his prison-door was unlocked and Moll Pitcher entered. The young man started and shook his manacled hands in wild fury, shrieking:

"Curses on you, Moll Pitcher! You took my gold and played me false! If I had the power, you should not leave this cell alive!"

"But you have not the power;" and an exulting smile flashed over her face. "Aye, Master Ralph, I have a few words for your ear before you swing from the gallows! 'Twas not for love of Dick Crofton that I thwarted you—I had a selfish motive! Years ago, when I was a young and trusting girl, an Englishman came over in one of my father's vessels. A physician had prescribed a sea voyage and change of scene, and the invalid thought he should like to visit the wilds of America. At first he lodged at the inn, but after he saw me, he begged Capt. Dimond to board him. My father protested against it, declaring that he had no accomodations for gentle-folk. But he would not be denied, and was soon domesticated with us. He was handsome and stately as one of Copley's pictures, he dressed with elegance, he sang, he played the flute and guitar, and talked as well as he did everything else. He had not been with us long when he made love to me in most romantic fashion, and I—fool that I was—believed his honeyed words. When he went back to England, I wore a ring on my finger that was set with a real diamond—I was his betrothed wife!"

She stopped, but Heathcote made no answer, and she resumed:

"He had promised to return for me, but he came not! O! what I suffered as month after month dragged by; how heavy my poor heart was with hope deferred. When my father returned again, I inquired for my lover, and learned that he was married to a noble English girl. That disappointment embittered my whole life; I married Robert Pitcher, a poor, yet honest fisherman, and began to ply my calling as a fortune-teller. But I did not forget—I resolved some day to have my revenge. At length you came to my house—I knew the Heathcote cast of features, the deceitful blue eye, the brown hair and beard. Like father, like son, in body and in soul. You sought my advice, and I tossed your heart about as best suited my purposes! You are foiled, and you now understand why Moll Pitcher has worked you naught but evil! When you are dead, I shall send Sir Ralph a letter which will tell him how my wrongs have been avenged! Farewell—I hear the turnkey; at last you are reaping your reward!"

The next instant the massive door swung open, and the jailer appeared. Moll followed him from the cell, the great key turned in the rusty lock, and Heathcote was alone with conscience.

The morning after the sibyl's visit, Ralph Heathcote was found in the worst stages of brain fever, and in a week's time slept in a nameless grave.

The night of the 2nd of October, Captain Ward received a letter sealed with black wax, the device being a vulture clutching a serpent in its talons. He unfolded it, and read as follows:

"LAURENCE WARD—I cannot die till I once more reiterate my hatred of you and your race; till I tell you who has been the evil genius of your destiny. When you resided in England, and before you had bought a commission in the English Navy, you were, as you will recollect, a county squire. Two lads were arrested, and brought to trial for poaching. You sentenced us to receive forty lashes at the whipping-post! While our blood boiled with fury, we were escorted to the public square by a band, playing the 'Rogue's March,' and there lashed most cruelly amid the shouts and jeers of the rabble, who had assembled to witness the scene. Stung to madness, I wrested myself from the man who was flogging me, and was beginning to beat him, when you, who sat near in your saddle, bade the officers seize me. I again passed through a farce of a trial, and was doomed to six months' imprisonment. When I came out, I felt as if my hand were against every man, and every man's hand against me! I hated you—I hated the world! In this mood I wandered away, and at length found employment in a manufacturing town, where I partially forgot my shame in a new passion. I learned to love Mary Grey, the daughter of a respectable tradesman, and was high in her favor, when you, chancing to be on a visit to a gentleman in the neighborhood, met her, who had grown so dear to me. Attracted by her beauty, you paid her the most assiduous attentions, and, dazzled by the prospect of being your bride, she began to look with scorn upon me. Then I abducted her, and swore that it should be the chief object of my life to avenge my wrongs. Soon afterward I came across the young man who had been lashed with me at the whipping-post, and we leagued ourselves together in a revengeful brotherhood! Thrice, when you were paying court to noble ladies, we poisoned their minds so that they turned from you in scorn. Two of your vessels were burned by us while in foreign harbors, and their rich cargoes destroyed; and at last we drew into our confederacy your nephew, Ralph Heathcote, that we might have him wholly in our power, and make him as thorough a desperado as ourselves! I need not write more; had we succeeded in our last plot, Grace Ward's gold and your's also, would have been in our possession. Time had changed the beardless boys you sentenced to the lash to stout men, and you did not know us when we came to Lynn! Ha! ha! ha! how we chuckled over our schemes—even now a savage laugh echoes through my cell as I write! Hark ye, old man—though I am to die to-morrow, if it is possible, I will haunt you to your latest day, and thus you will have good reason to remember, not Gervayse Gault, for that is an alias, but him who, living or dying, is your foe, GILES GREENE."

With a thousand contending emotions, Captain Ward perused the above, and as he sat musing on its contents, he muttered:

"They deserved their lashing; but Mary, Mary Grey, my conscience isn't quite clear about her! Thus it is that the thoughtless acts of early manhood are avenged!"

At this moment he heard light steps in the hall, and looking round, perceived Grace and her mother. That was their first call since the memorable scene in the breakfast-room, and it was

with some embarrassment he advanced to meet them. He clasped a hand of each, and exclaimed:

"Forgive me, forgive me!"

"I do forgive, dear, dear uncle!"

"And I too."

"You hinted something, sister Camille; did you then know aught to Ralph's disadvantage?"

"Moll Pitcher had hinted that he might have had a hand in the murder. But how is Mabel?"

"Very feeble; the trial was a great shock to her!"

"And do you admit visitors?"

"No, we are forbidden to; but it seems to me, Camille, as if you would do her good! Go up to her room, and try to comfort her."

Madame Ward ascended the stairs, and glided into the hitherto mysterious chamber. There lay Mabel, pale, thin, despondent.

"My child," she murmured, "how are you?"

"O, Aunt Camille, I am very wretched!" and the invalid burst into tears; "my hopes are wrecked," she sobbed "I am dying of a broken heart!"

"List," said Madam Ward; "I too have trod the fiery furnace;" and she went on to tell her niece how much she yet had to live for.

Mabel hearkened in silent attention, and from that hour began to gain strength with a rapidity which astonished all who knew her.

CHAPTER XIV.

When we have hoped, sought, striven, lost our aim,
Then the truth fronts us, beaming out of darkness,
Like a white brow thro' its o'ershadowing hair.
BAILEY.

Two weeks after the execution of the two desperadoes, who have figured in our story, young Captain Crofton returned from a cruise with three prizes. As soon as possible he hastened to the old Wetherell Place; he had scarcely inquired if Miss Ward were at home, when a lithe form came flying toward him, a pair of white arms encircled his neck, and Grace murmured:

"O, Richard, Richard, what a pleasant surprise this is!"

The young man held her to his breast for a moment, and then Grace drew him into the parlor. There sat Captain Ward and his brother's widow. The fair matron warmly welcomed him, but it was with a confused air that the old gentleman greeted him. The four sank into their seats, but a constraint pervaded the circle; Captain Ward tapped the carpet nervously with his cane, trifled with the seals of his watch-guard, and ever and anon bit his lip till the blood seemed ready to flow. At length he moved to the gallant Crofton, and said:

"I owe you an apology for my previous rudeness. I was deceived—I now see how vastly superior you are to that whited sepulchre they called Ralph Heathcote. I, as well as Grace and her mother, approve your suit. Can you pardon me?"

"With all my heart, sir!" and the speaker held out his hand.

The old man grasped it, laid the girl's hand in it, and with a significant smile, resumed:

"I must leave you now, and I suppose you won't care; but I shall hope to have your company at dinner to-morrow."

The lovers accepted the invitation, and he bowed himself out, followed by Madam Ward. Then Richard Crofton heard of all that had passed in his absence, and they thanked God with renewed fervor that they were free from the persecutions of Heathcote and his confederates. He pleaded that Grace would become his wife before he again went to sea, and he did not plead in vain. The girl could not hesitate, when her life's sweetest dream was about to be realized, and Madam Ward declared that in those troublous times, her child needed the protection which only a husband can give. The last day of October was fixed for the wedding, and the arrangements immediately commenced.

On her bridal morn Grace Ward awoke early, and cast an eager glance from her window. It was one of those mild, balmy days, which the year gives us, when the pomp of her bloom and verdure have passed away. The soft, brooding, autumnal haze, the sky, fair and tranquil as our dreams of Eden-land, the rustle of the dry leaves, the occasional dropping of a brown nut, or red-cheeked apple, the breezy whisper abroad, all combined to make the wedding-day glorious. As the morning wore on, the hitherto quiet old mansion was all astir with festal excitement. Chaises and chariots rolled along the broad avenue, leading across the lawn, and deposited their freight of beauty, rank, and fashion, while epauletted soldiers and stately civilians dashed up to the door on horseback. Without, the black grooms were busy as bees; within there was the rustle of rich robes, the tread of many feet, the breath of foreign perfumes, the waving of ostrich feathers, the glitter of jewels, the hum of conversation, and ever and anon a silvery peal of laughter. Meanwhile Grace stood in her dressing-chamber, surrounded by a flock of bridemaids, and with her own quadroon waiting-woman arraying her young mistress for her bridal. The toilet-table was strewn with jewelled caskets, glove boxes, flowers, ribbons and lace, and on a chair lay the dressing-gown of pale, rose-colored silk, which had just been cast aside. Suddenly a warm blush surged over the face of the young bride elect.

"Richard has come," she murmured, "I hear his step in the corridor."

The next moment there was a tap at the door, and she sprang to open it. In another instant a deep, musical voice asked:

"May I come in?"

"O! yes, Richard—we are all quite ready!"

The bridemaids dropped a courtesy, and the waiting-woman pointing to her mistress, exclaimed:

"Now massa Crofton, did you eber see anyting so beautiful as that dress and vail?"

"Yes, the wearer is far more beautiful."

Again Grace blushed, but she asked with a spice of maidenly vanity,

"Do you like my costume, Richard?"

"Like it? It is perfectly exquisite—you look fit for a royal bride."

His compliment was deserved, for nothing could have been richer, or more tasteful than the robe of white brocade, damasked with silver flowers, and trailing as she moved, a skirt of peach-blossom satin, stiff with embroidery, the full, flowing vail of real point lace, the artificial wreath of orange-flowers, starred here and there with diamonds of the first water, the diamond necklace, ear-drops and bracelets, the delicate pearl-broidered gloves and slippers, clasped with brilliants, and the jewelled bouquet-holder, in which gleamed the snowy bloom of the bridal bouquet. When Grace had been admired sufficiently to have suited the most exacting nature, she, with girlish pride, alluded to the elegance of Crofton's wedding suit—a surcoat of amber-colored velvet, a white brocade waistcoat, lace trimmed linen, rich small-clothes, and silk stockings, with jewelled brooch, knee and shoe-buckles.

"There is a story connected with my costume," he said after a slight hesitation; "I am, as you all know, a poor man, and besides, my country is too poor for me to spend too much on a single suit. But three days ago, as I was riding through Lynn on my way home from Cambridge, Geoffrey King, an eccentric old man, came out, and begged me to go into his house.

"'Young Crofton,' he said, 'I hear you are going to be married.' 'Yes I am.' 'And is the lady of your choice Captain Ward's niece?' I answered in the affirmative, and he continued, 'She is a great heiress, but they tell me you stoutly refused to share her fortune—that you have resolved to work your way in the world as if she hadn't a farthing.' Of course I couldn't deny it, and he then inquired if I had refused to take more than a sailor's wages from the proceeds of my privateering. On learning that he had not been misinformed, with regard to this, he said he was glad to find one disinterested person, and added that I should not suffer by it. He proposed to give me a wedding suit worthy the occasion, and went with me to a Salem tailor. Not satisfied with attiring me in a garb far beyond my means, he insisted on sending my father, mother and sister money to purchase wedding garments, and when I sat down to breakfast this morning, I found in my plate papers duly signed and attested, conveying to me the sum of ten thousand pounds."

Grace lifted her handkerchief to wipe away tears of joy, and murmured—

"There, there, Richard, you wouldn't have any of my wealth, nor receive but a pittance from your country, but God has made you a rich man in spite of yourself!"

Crofton smiled, and rejoined—

"It is eleven, dearest—we must go down—Cassie, call the groomsmen!"

The servant obeyed, and the six groomsmen entered and selected their partners, who were resplendent in satin, brocade, and artificial flowers. A few moments later the bridal party swept into the grand drawing-room, and the solemn rites commenced, Captain Ward giving the bride away. The ceremony over, Richard turned toward Grace, and as he pressed his lips to hers, murmured—

"My bride—my wife!"

Then Madam Ward moved forward, with white-robed, golden-haired Alice leaning on her arm, and amid tears of joy their congratulations were breathed. The next pair who advanced to the newly wedded ones were old Hugh Crofton and his invalid wife, who looked very lady-like in her silk dress and lace cap.

"My father—my mother!" exclaimed Grace, as she gave them a warm welcome.

"God bless you, my children!" exclaimed the old man, fervently; "God grant that the young bride may never regret her marriage with the son of a Swampscot fisherman!"

They retired, and other guests came thronging around, and more than one asserted that Richard and Grace Crofton were the handsomest pair, and theirs the most brilliant wedding they had ever seen. The crew of the Petrel were present in a picturesque uniform, with their wives and sweethearts in gala dress. Last, though by no means least in the opinion of many, Robert Pitcher and Moll. The sibyl's lithe figure was set off to advantage by her own wedding silk, and her dark hair fastened up with silver arrows. As she approached, Mr. and Mrs. Crofton greeted her with extreme cordiality, and again thanked her for befriending them in the hour of need. They did not know that any selfish motive had prompted her course toward Heathcote, and felt deeply grateful. She wished them joy in the most approved fashion, and then playfully declared that it was not impossible Grace might take to fortune-telling, as she had succeeded very well when, disguised in Moll's clothing, she had practiced palmistry at the door of the Golden Key. In fact, "all went merrily as a marriage bell," and at the banquet which ensued, which was the wonder of the colony for many a day, the bride and bridegroom were toasted by the noblest soldiers of the Patriot army.

The wedding tour of Mr. and Mrs. Crofton was a trip to Swampscot, where, in the humble fisherman's cottage, they spent their honeymoon. They then sailed for Savannah in the Petrel, Madam Ward and Alice accompanying them. Grace and her mother had a residence in town, but both were anxious to visit their plantation. On, on, on wound their carriage amid evergreen trees, draped with moss or bright with scarlet berries, till they reached a great, roomy mansion, with latticed verandahs, long, low French windows, and quaint gables, wreathed with evergreen vines. The grounds were beautifully laid out, and Alice felt like one in a dream, as she was borne through a garden to which urns, rustic chairs, and marble fountains and statuary lent a fairy-like aspect, even in winter. Servants with gay turbans flocked to welcome them, and within, the house was like a palace. But Crofton could not linger amid these scenes; the next day he was again at sea, and during the war of the Revolution, no man served his country more faithfully than he.

Soon after the marriage of Richard Crofton and Grace, Hortense L'Estrange disappeared. Moll had told the young captain, in his wife's presence, of the beautiful Creole's mad love for him, and how she had talked of his trampling her heart under his feet.

"I will tell you how it was," said he: "When I was second mate of the 'Sea Bird,' she and her father were passengers. She had just recovered from a severe illness, and her parents had thought the sea air might benefit her. I treated her kindly, but nothing more, and was astonished when her father asked what my intentions were. I assured him that I had never in word or deed given the least reason for anybody to think me her lover. He declared she had fallen desperately in love with me, and would die of a broken heart unless I married her, adding, that many in his circumstances might look higher, but as for him, he would only consult his daughter's happiness. I firmly declined his proposal, and the subject was dismissed, but ere we landed I saw she had grown bitter and sullen."

Such was the explanation to which Grace and Moll listened, and both believed it.

A year later Mr. and Mrs. Crofton received an invitation to witness the ceremony of taking the vail at a Southern convent. They resolved to accept it, and at the appointed hour entered the chapel. Outside the wind moaned sadly, as a pining spirit; the sky was flecked with gray clouds, and the waters of the river beat against their "blossom-haunted" borders like the wild passion-waves of a stormy heart. But within the chapel of the Gray Nuns all was brilliant and imposing. The hoarded riches of the convent were lavishly displayed. Costly votive offerings lighted up every shrine with a blaze of splendor; the font was of Carrara marble, ornamented with brooding doves; the lamps burning before the sacred images, and the candelabra which supported the tall wax tapers, were of massive silver, while silver chalices and censers glittered around the altar. In that hallowed place stood the bishop, with his gilded crosier uplifted, and his gorgeous vestments sweeping in heavy waves to the pavement. Suddenly a strain of music, so sweet and soft that it seemed like some far-off angel-song, stole through the edifice, and a band of chanting nuns came gliding in. As their ranks parted, all turned to one in their midst—it was Hortense L'Estrange. There was a hectic glow on her dusk cheek, an unnatural glitter in her dark eyes, and never had she appeared half so beautiful. A tunic of rare lace, worn over a dress of silk damask, fell in graceful folds about her tall figure, and was looped with clusters of brilliants. Jewels of untold value clasped her arms, rose and fell above her wildly throbbing heart and starred the night of her tresses, while over all swept a vail which Victoria might have been proud to wear at her bridal. She knelt at the altar; prayers, responses and chants followed. With tones that never faltered she pronounced her vows, with a steady hand signed the written profession of her faith. Then her long, dark tresses were shorn, the sacred ring placed upon her finger, and the nun's vail flung over her like a funeral pall. The solemn benediction was breathed, and in a few moments more a pæan, which shook the convent to its foundation, told that Hortense L'Estrange was a gray nun, or, in Catholic parlance, the Bride of Heaven.

Immediately after the arrest of his confederates, Antoine Lafarge fled, and was never again seen in New England.

Moll Pitcher lived and died at High Rock, and to this day her weather-beaten old house is an object around which weird memories gather.

When Gault was executed, a small package was found in his pocket. On opening it they discovered a few papers, among which was the marriage certificate of Mabel Ward and Ralph Heathcote; the bridegroom having directed the priest to register his real, and not his assumed name on the document, that might yet be the means of establishing the claim to her father's wealth. It was carried to the poor widow, and laid aside among mementoes of a love which had proved the bane of her life. There is an Indian summer of the year, when balmy breezes blow, and the sunrise, moon-rise and star-beams recall the days and nights of June. There is an Indian summer of the heart, when hopes we thought blighted forever awake to bloom and beauty, when the pulse bounds with something of its youthful vigor, and God's peace distils like twilight dews. This Indian summer influence Mabel Ward felt, and she was not only the support and comfort of her parents' old age, but an angel of mercy in the homes of the poor and the afflicted.

"Lame Alice" never married, but through her whole life she was an "embodied peace."

Captain Crofton and Grace spent their winters at the South, their summers at Lynn and Swampscot. In the war of 1812, he enlisted as a Naval officer, and won the applause of his countrymen by his prowess. Children grew up in their home, and they lived to a "green old age," when both waited, not without hope of a reunion in the better land, for the angel who should "loose the silver cord" and "shatter the golden bowl;" but in the midst of their happiness they sometimes wept, as they recalled the tragic fate of the Hunted Felon.

THE END.

LOVERS' WALKS.

Ah, once I liked not lovers' walks—
Nor wanderings by the hill—
When star to star at midnight talks,
And all the world is still!
I laughed at all romantic souls
That half in rapture stood;—
I hated strolls—those moonlight strolls—
And always thought I should!

I vowed by all the world e'er knew
Of beautiful and bright,
No love on earth should tempt me to
A rambling walk by night!
But, ah—one's mind can little guess
To what one's heart is born:
Who'd thought a month—or even less—
Had found me so forsworn!

But when I loved not star—nor moon—
Nor wanderings through the glen—
My song of life was out of tune;
I knew not Mary then!—
Now I would rather roam 'till light
Bloom'd o'er the moon's sweet breast;
Than ever breathe those words "Good Night!"
Or ever think of rest!

THE HEIRESS DISENCHANTED.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a magnificent apartment. No epicure in voluptuous life, even were his senses schooled in every conceivable stage of human luxury, could have desired a pleasanter casket wherin to lounge away his spoiled being. The sea-green walls, upheld by cornices carved to imitate shells, and sprays of snowy coral, suggested the idea of some cool, delicious, ocean cave, where the plash of great waves marked the flying minutes of the sultry July day. Here and there gleamed a small, rare cabinet picture or a figure in alabaster, and in the deep bay windows, half-hidden by heavy draperies of emerald damask, stood tables of veined mosaic, covered with books and costly ornaments—indices of the expensive tastes of the occupant of this luxurious room.

Mr. Fitzroy Castleton lay reclined on an elegant little sofa, in an attitude at once graceful and easy. He never allowed himself to relax into awkwardness, even in the seclusion of his own room—*practice* is an excellent thing. A half-smoked cigar—no coarse or common weed, but one of the most fragrant tubes of leaf that ever came from the isles beyond the sea, was scientifically poised between the second and third fingers of his left hand, and a heavily embroidered velvet smoking-cap, tasseled and fringed, *a la Turque*, with gold, covered his profusion of wavy, jet black curls.

He was certainly very handsome—any feminine judge would at once have pronounced him "a perfect Apollo," yet there was a something in his *tout-ensemble* that would have prompted a gentleman to mutter "conceited puppy!" on encountering him, of a sudden. His features were of the straight, Grecian mould, and his lips exquisitely modelled. The eyes, of a dark, violet gray, large and liquid, seldom looked you fairly and squarely in the face, but were generally half-veiled beneath a wall of long, soft eyelashes—Mr. Castleton knew that those eyelashes were perfectly irresistible—and his moustache was the very perfection of hirsute art, soft, silken, and glossy, curling over his lip, with a wavy grace, which nearly drove the Broadway dandies distracted with envy as they strove in vain to plaster their wiry horns of rebellious hair into something like its undulating curves. Nobody ever knew the time and pains that Mr. Castleton bestowed on his beloved moustache!

As he lay there lazily, conscious that his *pose* could not be improved upon, it was evident that some pleasant vision had taken possession of the citadel of his mind, from the occasional smile that flitted across his face.

"Wouldn't it be glorious?" he soliloquized, almost as though he were thinking aloud. "I'll never call these long years of unsuccessful endeavors wasted, if, at the end, I succeed in winning such a golden prize as Nina Aubin! It makes my head dizzy even to think of it—it's like a dream! Yet no—it is, indeed, glorious reality; for last night, in the odorous gloom of that thrice-blessed conservatory, I boldly put the question, and she, with the prettiest blushes that ever—well, that isn't to the point—suffice it that I, Fitzroy Castleton, have won the beautiful heiress to more thousands than I can think of, without an ecstatic throb of that anatomical hollow where physiologists say the heart is! Heart—fiddlestick; there's no such thing; it's all brain! But I flatter myself that my part of the business was done remarkably well. I'd like to see any fellow go down on his knees in more graceful style than I did last night."

And, catching a glimpse of himself in an opposite mirror, Mr. Castleton gave his shirt collar a little twitch, and proceeded:

"Just to see how wrathful all my Nina's disappointed danglers will be! That donkey Carleton—he'll be fit to hang himself! Well, I think Nina has showed superb taste in her selection of a husband, and I must be excruciatingly polite for awhile, I suppose, for the little spoiled beauty thinks it's *her* I'm in love with; whereas, *entre nous*, my dear cigar, it's her gold. If she were a yellow-faced hag of sixty, I'd marry her just the same. After we're married, however, I'll soon settle that matter. She may go to France then, for all I care, so long as I have the handling of her bank-book! That reminds me—I must send her a little bijou of a betrothal ring—pearls, I suppose, with some sort of a sentimental motto. That will be difficult to manage, though, for my credit's getting deused low. I can't play the confidence game much longer; yet I think Gold & Co. will trust me, if I just whisper a word or two about my expectations. I'll make the experiment, at all events!"

At this stage of matters, Mr. Castleton, tossed his cigar out of the window, and took up a tiny tray of cards and notes, which had all this time been standing unheeded at his elbow, so rapt was he in Elysian dreams. Some were perfumed *billets-doux*, some cards of invitation, and some—his face grew very black over these—were threatening bills, and dunning letters from indignant tradesmen.

"This confounded tailor's bill, again!" growled Mr. Castleton, savagely. "He'll put in an execution, he says. *Will* he? May he find something worth his trouble—there's nothing here belonging to me, I'm very sure! That scamp of a bootmaker! 'Long account'—'heavy amount'—'wife and children.' Why are such plebeian wretches allowed to bother their betters?"

And Fitzroy fiercely tore the pitiful note into tatters. At this instant a knock was heard at the door.

"Who's there?" cried Fitzroy, pettishly.

"It's only me, sir," said one of the servants of the hotel. "There's a woman here insists on speaking to you, sir!"

"A woman?"

"Yes, sir—she won't take 'no' for an answer. I told her you were engaged, but she says she won't detain you a minute."

"Who can it be?" mused the self-worshipper. "Well, show her in, Jenkins!"

The next moment a poor, thin, shadowy creature glided in, clad in miserably darned and insufficient garments, and displaying on every feature of her wan face the ghastly stamp of poverty and illness. A dark expression of anger shot over Mr. Castleton's brow, as he recognized her.

"What are you here for again, woman?" he exclaimed. "I can't attend to your paltry affairs!"

"Mr. Castleton," she said, earnestly, "I implore of you to settle this bill. It is the fourth time I have called about it. I worked six weeks for you, embroidering and making up linen, and at your request selected and purchased the materials myself, when I could ill afford to advance the money. Mr. Castleton, is it right to defraud the poor of their hard-earned support?"

It was a part of Mr. Castleton's profession, but the poor widow did not know that.

"Leave the room, you audacious beggar!" he sternly exclaimed.

"I am starving—my babes are crying for bread! O, for the love of all that is human, pay me but a trifle of what you owe me!"

"There is no proof that I owe you a cent," he returned, with a sneering laugh; "you cannot legally recover a farthing. Go, I say, and be thankful that I do not give you in charge to the police for attempting to extort money under false pretences!"

She turned very pale, but faltered out—

"O, sir, you would not be unjust to the widowed and the fatherless?"

He sprang to his feet with a fierce execration, and she, terrified and trembling, tottered from the room.

"There, that matter is disposed of," he muttered, with a sigh of relief. "And now for little Nina's ring."

The afternoon sun of that self-same day came peeping cheerily into the gorgeous boudoir where sat beautiful little Nina Aubin, the orphan belle and heiress, arranging the golden masses of her lovely hair, while her only living guardian, an aunt, sat by, watching her, with a loving yet slightly anxious eye.

"Yes," said Nina, gaily, "my fate is decreed now, dear aunt. The little bird is caught!"

"Well," was the somewhat grave reply, "I can only pray for your happiness, my sweet child. But I must own that I dislike this Castleton."

"You are so prejudiced, darling aunty!" said Nina, throwing her arms round her aunt's neck. "You never had a favorable eye for any one who came to woo your little Nina away from you!"

"But for this one, least of all. Nina, I fear he is treacherous. There surely is deceit and double dealing hidden under the silky softness of his look and manner."

"You are mistaken. I cannot hear you speak thus, aunt," said Nina, the ruby blood mantling in her velvet cheek. "He is the soul of chivalry and honor, else had *I* never loved him!"

"May you find it so, darling. Meanwhile, pray delay the marriage. Next month is far too soon."

"But he wishes it, aunt, and I am willing to trust my future entirely in his hands!"

Mrs. Montague looked with a sigh at her loving, beautiful, pure-hearted niece, and had not courage to breathe a word of dissent.

The door opened softly—it was Nina's maid.

"Miss Nina, the poor woman is here that I thought could help about the trousseau."

"Tell her to come in, Clara, immediately."

And the same poor creature whom, a few hours since, Mr. Castleton had spurned from his elegant rooms, came feebly in, only too glad, through the maid's recommendation, to obtain a prospect of work. She was very pale and wan, and, exhausted by her long walk, sank, panting, into a chair.

"You are tired—you are ill!" exclaimed the affectionate little Nina, whose loving heart could not behold unmoved the slightest pang in a fellow-being, and with quick impulse she poured out a glass of wine, and held it to the lips of the woman. The touch of the inspiring liquid seemed to give new life—the woman sat up, with a grateful smile.

"Pardon my weakness," she said—"I am nearly starving, and my little ones at home are crying for bread."

"Can this be possible!" cried Nina, "and I revelling in wealth and luxury! Tell me how this happens."

And with tears and sobs the poor creature told her sorrowful story, interrupted by the sympathetic exclamations of Nina. Last of all came the sad recital of how she had been defrauded by a fashionable gentleman, and how he had that morning driven her from his door with coarse threats and imprecations.

"Shameful! shameful!" exclaimed Miss Aubin. "Can it be that such contemptible wretches are allowed to walk the face of the earth?"

"My dear," said her aunt, "such fashionable impostors, unfortunately, are but too common."

"If *I* knew of any," exclaimed Nina, "they should be driven from my society—they are not worthy the name of men!"

"Yes," said the woman, simply, "it is very hard on poor people that have to work for their daily bread. I would not have thought it of Mr. Castleton, for he is a grand gentleman, and folks say he is going to marry a great heiress."

"Mr. Castleton?" Nina turned ashy pale.

Her aunt sprang towards her.

"Nina, my darling, you are ill!"

"No, no, it was but a spasm. Remain here a while until I return," stammered Nina to the seamstress, and then hurried away, leaning on her aunt's arm.

For a long time Nina sat in silence, the tears slowly dropping from her eyes. Alas! it was hard to abandon the pleasant vision—to put away the debased idol.

"Dear aunt," she murmured, after a while, "I feel as though I were waking from a delicious dream—and the waking is worse than death. Yet I must not falter. Will you please send for Mr. Castleton, to call here immediately?"

"My darling, what are you about to do?"

"Dearest aunt, indulge me this once," and Nina laid her pale cheek tenderly against her aunt's hand. Mrs. Montague caressed the fair head, and complied without a word of comment.

"So!" quoth Mr. Fitzroy Castleton, "my Nina can't exist without me one single day! A good sign for me. Well, I believe I must indulge the little puss!"

And Mr. Castleton arranged his fine hair, stroked his moustache, and, with the tiny casket of velvet and satin in his pocket, set out for Miss Aubin's residence.

He was shown into the parlor, where Nina sat by the window, quietly awaiting him. In the deep shadow, at the other end of the apartment sat another female; but the pre-occupied suitor did not even notice this. With his most graceful mien he glided forward, and bent to kiss the lily hand of the heiress.

"My sweetest Nina, I have obeyed your summons!"

She withdrew her hand quietly. This movement somewhat startled him, but he proceeded:

"First of all, may I place the betrothal ring on your finger, dear Nina? It is of pearls and gold, selected with special reference to your pure and classic taste." And he drew the casket from his pocket as he spoke.

"Before you waste money on trifles like this," she replied, coldly, "you must recognize the claims of justice. There is another who has a better right to your money than I."

"Another?" stammered Fitzroy, turning red.

Nina beckoned to the woman, and in another moment, the accomplished knave was confronted with the victim of his dishonesty.

"Pay that woman what you owe her," said Nina, quietly, yet firmly.

"I—I have not—I am not prepared," muttered the confounded exquisite.

"Then give her the ring, it will cover the amount due, and I will take care that the jewel is converted into money."

"But——"

"Give her the ring instantly!"

Quailing before the stern dignity of the heiress, the mortified dandy laid the costly ring in the seamstress's thin hand.

"And now, sir," said Nina, "I have only to bid you farewell, and to desire that you never enter my presence more. I thank Heaven for the narrow escape I have had from your wiles and treachery, and that I have discovered your true character ere it was too late. Good evening, sir!"

Castleton knew that his game had been played out. Nina's voice and manner left him no room for hope, and, with bitter mortification and impotent rage in his fierce heart, he crept, like a wounded snake, from the apartment.

"That my plans should have been frustrated by that wretched seamstress!" he gasped, between his white lips, as he hurried homeward. "I was a fool to trust to a woman's caprice!"

The next steamer that sailed for Europe, had the honor of bearing away from his native shores Mr. Fitzroy Castleton, eyelashes, moustaches, straight-nose, and all; and great was the outcry among his multitudinous creditors when they discovered that their bird had flown.

Whether the luckless jeweler ever got paid for the exquisite betrothal ring—price $50—is remarkrbly uncertain. We are rather inclined to think, however, that he is still expecting Mr. Castleton to "call and settle the small bill!"

BIBLE TEXTS ON INJUSTICE.

He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker.

He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich shall surely come to want.

I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the hireling in his wages.

Deal justly. Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them. Honor all men.

What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?

An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning; but the end thereof shall not be blessed.

He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool.

He that by unjust gain increaseth his substance shall gather it for him that will pity the poor.

Woe unto him that increaseth that which is not his.

Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness. Ye shall not oppress one another.

He that honoreth God hath mercy on the poor.

Wrong not the poor because he is poor. Oppress not the afflicted—for the Lord will plead their cause and spoil those that spoil them.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for *all* that are oppressed.

Envy not *thou* the oppressor, and *choose none of his ways*.

There is no respect of persons with God.

He will judge the world in righteousness.

He will be a refuge for the oppressed.

He remembereth them; He forgeteth not the cry of the humble.

The Lord is known by the judgment he executeth; He judgeth the fatherless and the oppressed.

The needy shall not *always* be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish forever.

The Lord is governor among the nations; the wicked are His sword.

The Lord shall laugh at the oppressor, for he seeth that His day is coming.

The Lord hateth iniquity; the oppressor and the evil man He will judge.

The Lord hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth.

Oh! Lord, *our* Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth.

Thy kingdom *come*.

THE most sensitive keenness of feeling may exist with the most thorough mastery of temper. The union is a rare one; nevertheless it is attainable by those who labor for it.

THE NEW WORLD LEDGER

WHY SHOULD WE MOURN!

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Why should we mourn for those that sleep
Within the quiet earth?
God only knows if they had lived
What would have been their doom;
Oh, better far upon all our tears
For those who are asleep—
The dead within their quiet graves
Are happier far than we.

Why should we weep for her whose life
Was as the flowers are?
An omen of our tears would not
Have blow in her sweet.
But mourn for them poor, fragile ones,
Who still dwell on the earth
And pray that victim's flower-like
May in time spring to birth.

Oh, shall we tears upon the graves
Of those who die in age?
For they are happier far than we
Who still life's battles wage.
They sleep in peace, secure from woes,
Beneath the silent sod,
Their earth-freed spirits know no grief,
Communing with their God.

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A STRANGE CLAIMANT.

"Yes, it was *Sir Lee*. Oh! do you think I would not know it?" Mrs. Ruthven said, dissipating by recovering from her swoon, and the subsequent weakness which had rendered her, on her own poor bed at home, whither she had been conveyed by the hackney coach, a prey to grief. Tom's faults had willingly and instantly summoned to her aid, and by means of which she had all resolved house such before Agnes, who waited up for them, had expected.

It was her turn now to sit her unhappy friend in her distress; and though she had not been recovered, for, poor lad, he had been in a terrible fright, and had taken his departure, and his wife, having heard her mother's voice once more, had gone off into a deep sleep on the girl at by the bed where the woman by, utterly prostrated by the memory of the terrible visits that must be sent the blood back to her heart like a summons from the dead.

"Yes, it was him," she faltered, "it must have been sent to warn me—so I had no business there—it was no place for me—and that was the grief as mine, with each a fault to atone for—it! it was a fearful warning—I dare not—I dare not to see it, *never!*"

Her friend, in the possession of her clearer reason, attempted to reason with her; but Mrs. Franklin repulsed the arguments with a wild regard.

"My husband was not last at sea," she said, shudderingly, "he was murdered—*murdered*, cruelly and by a horrible end; he could not have been saved, as you say; you don't know, Agnes, you don't know. Oh!" she moaned, "I shall never cease to see it, never."

But the younger woman fell well knew the importance of at once dispersing, if possible, this phantom of the brain of her husband's, ere it had taken too firm a hold upon the mind since recovered.

"Did the face seem to look at you?" asked she: "do speak, dear, and tell me all; it will ease you, I am sure, and everything seems so much worse with brooding over. Was what you saw like a living, every-day man, and did he look at you?"

"No," said Nelly, fearfully, her voice shaking as a whisper, "no, its eyes were looking far above my head, up to the ceiling, as though it was towards me, but it would not look at me. Oh, let me pray, Agnes, let me pray," and she slid trembling down upon her knees by the bedside; "I have not prayed enough, I had no business in that place, God forgive me!"

Then she poured out the fervent petition for forgiveness and strength to bear her punishment, which had become dearer to her Hope, and the girl, with bent head and rosary, meditated to the strange, urgent, passionate words, and the first heart responded.

Nelly arose more calm, but her nerves had received a terrible shock. Brooding over it all over the past so constantly, she had brought herself to look upon every fresh trouble in her married life as but a new addition to her deserved punishment, and in this sudden appearance of her lost husband her distorted imagination would see nothing but a warning to herself for to a sincere self-humiliation, a more absolute resignation to the consequences of her past sin.

"I ought not to spare myself," she said, when they had sat down little time together; "I did not tell you all." And she related the whole of the history—from the first error of her mother's days to its fatal result—omitting only the flagging of that ghastly witness; she could not bring herself to speak of what seemed even to her present credibility only to herself.

Agnes shook her head, though she would not again argue with her friend in her sorrow, which herself she recited into the ear of one of men who had been drowned at sea, at least, given up for such by their relatives, you can lead, in course of years, appeared again.

Speaking of this she had, of course, put forth as consolation for her friend, when she only knew her story partially; but, when Nelly had finished telling it all, she grasped the arm of the girl.

"It is dead," she said, in a commanding and painful voice: "he knew it was so, don't you see? else he had not have come on to be his wife."

The more work-day mind of Agnes Chester refused to entertain the notion of a ghost, since at the time of a tourist, too; but the superstitious conviction of the mother remained undeepened with her lonely self-communings and the sensing of her morbid imagination.

It was well indeed for the little Ida that Tom Grimes from that night banished the friendship his attentions by the children of two flights of stairs, together for the present to the sister of the third floor back, which Nelly and her child occupied.

The memory of that night of happiness for the small deity of dismay her mother's terrible illness caused, was soon wiped from the child's memory by time, the wounds, the glory of the enchanted scene, ever to be associated in her mind with "good dear Tom," and then her intruduction to the child's heart which, in a nature like hers, would be by no means obliterated, and the boy, on his part, was taken wonderfully with her.

Agnes and her father had come to live at a poor but decent lodging in an obscure street at Clerkenwell, and here, about a fortnight after, at her request, Nelly had also removed.

We have learned that Nelly had adopted the name of her first husband, on her arriving in London, not less fearful of discovery, than loathing the very sound of her real name; and even Agnes was unaware of her claim to say other.

Both still colonised work at the same establishment where they had first met. Poor enough indeed was that Nelly got as to pay; but, in addition, she also found occasional employment of a widowed-maker in the neighborhood, for whom the landlady of the house worked.

The poor mother opened not herself, but trifled, day and night, lord, and fared hardest: fasted when her child dined, and, when she slept, rose many a time to work again, with a restless, eager longing, that work she must, even when that were finished, be more tinged to at hand. She had a terrible—a feverish, urgent desire, that spurred her on. It was to get back the ring she had pledged—that ring she had placed on his finger, that she had so strangely recovered, and even to attempt to redeem it was to so earnestly.

Poor woman! almost it might seem that her mind had been shaken by what she had passed through, and was always fancies beset her; for, though she made no mention of it to any one, she was not without repetitions that every time to her having parted with that precious token she owed the fearful visitation of her dead husband's spectre.

She became even more obstructed, more exclusively devoted, and to her daughter more, if indeed, she had become an adept; and even poor little Ida would have fallen under the superstition and proper exercise had not the new association fortunately appeared at the juncture.

The fact is, in spite of Tom's devotion to his first friends, he had been so constantly met by objections and resistance on the part of Agnes, her independence had so frequently galled him, even in the accepting of his services, that the inunder of his friendship was by no means the difficulty matter it might otherwise have been.

But with little Ida it was the reverse. It was one so much his junior as to look up to with a kind of reverence, and the complaisant, obliging way of him, that the very sound of his footsteps was welcome, and his coming and going hailed—free from gloomy recollections or anticipations—with pleasure; and he was always bringing his ideas or plans and make them her own. Even Mrs. Ruthven, in her state of mind described, affectionate creature she was, little Ida loved, and who could help loving a child but for the rough but high-souled lad. As it was, she grew upon him unconsciously, mixed herself up with his plans to an extent that would have amazed himself, if he could have seen it, from himself.

He now gained permission of Nelly for the freedom of her little home; there were times when he came to dine with them, when he was at home her work, and when but weather, or some other cause prevented her going with her mother. Indeed, Nelly had liked and trusted he should mix with many of those else we obliged to see in the streets; were not always sure of often detained a considerable time, and, at such times, Tom had always been kind and welcome. The mother had soon confined, from her own experience, the friendship—and she had received from Agnes of Tom's character—to be a safe one, for, though he was the most gentle-spoken in the world, she might have heard her darling with, but he was a manly lad, a lad of good will.

So Tom Grimes was raising in the long summer evenings from the lowest purlieus of the Close, and Pie Alley, and Saffle Court, and the little rough in the dirty, narrow alleys over all well read was brightened with the sunshine of his presence.

"I thought you *would* come," the children voice would be heard to cry, in tones of delight, as he appeared at the entrance of the court, where she stood waiting to receive him.

"I knew it was you by your step, dear Tom in view, and she, stooping down to press her pale face and long, dark curls down by the child, who greeted him with her low, quiet laugh.

"I can go—glad—I have only just left Bartlett, and set the clothes, and mother said you would be all the better for me, and you know I always am at her visitor.

"I shall say so—only you're a goose to be afraid of the dark, if I didn't—why, what's the matter with the child, she's crying!"

Ida's countenance fell at this mention of her as one dread creature, Dark Agnes.

She pondered's minute, then, as Tom came up to the top stair; with her old caress, she took him the handkerchief to dry her eyes by, you know."

Sorry, in fact, half the charm of woman's devotion to man combined in the involuntary homage of that little sentence!

The protecting air with which lately Tom had taken Ida by his cap and his coat, and her face into the goodly furnished room, which, as the little girl told, he had made for her, and to "dig"—for she possessed a love of color and ornament—the flowers near the window, and it was very touching to see her, with her own hand, bring some of her choicest, rare, to the chairs, and achieving wonderful success, too, by the bye, sometimes.

"It's jolly being up-up, shut it?" says Tom, "—'cause you can't get out, and the sparrows comes up—and it's precious hot this evening, Dora!"

"Oh, Tom!"

The exclamation is consequent upon the visitor's appropriation of his cap company, and his face into the goodly furnished room, which, as the little girl told, he had made for her, and to "dig"—for she possessed a love of color and ornament—the flowers near the window, and it was very touching to see her, with her own hand, bring some of her choicest, rare, to the chairs, and achieving wonderful success, too, by the bye, sometimes.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

AN ASPIRATION.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

O may my soul be like these flowers
That open in their fragrant bowers
Alike at night and day—
So that their leaves are blest by all
The all-where they fall
From sun or starry ray!

II.

Let not my spirit bark alone
Beneath the fiercest tempest roar,
But also take the cheek,
Knowing that even there some light
Must glimly its breeding sight
From Heaven's high temple bowed.

III.

O thus by Thine's flat flowing were,
My spirit reverent and brave
And trusting like a child be!
Then shall I win a charioted flight
To that enchanting, deathless light
Of clear Eternity!

SNOWED UP AMONG WOLVES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"I suppose you saw some pretty hard times when you first settled in the Western country?" I once said to an old pioneer.

"Indeed I did, sir!" he replied, with the look of one who is taking a retrospective view; "I am an old man now, and my hair, you see, is white—but it was as black as coal on the night I was snowed up among wolves. Ah, me! that was a terrible night, sir! and I never think of it but I involuntarily shudder at the recollection, and thank God that I was so wonderfully preserved through it."

"Can I not prevail on you to tell me the story?"

"Oh, yes, I will tell it to you, as I have told it to many others before you—many, in fact, that I have it quite by heart—though if I but have mentioned the matter from home to my wife, I am certain I should have no trouble now in reciting the minutest details in the strongest suffix facts impressed upon my memory.

"It was just after the war of 1812, that I got married and took my wife to a purchase I had made from government, which I had in part in the lands of the Sauks of Illinois. The Indians, previous to this time, had been somewhat troublesome to the settlers in the vicinity; but after peace was declared, they buried the hatchet, and we no longer had any occasion to fear either in the vicinity where I located myself.

"When I had built my cabin and moved into it, with the few housekeeping articles I had brought from the eastward, everything around me looked gloomy enough, and my poor wife sat down and had a hearty cry—a good, old-fashioned home-sickness. I laughed at her, and talked largely of what I was going to make of it, all that sort of thing; but, to tell you the honest truth, I felt a good deal like crying myself, and then laughing myself. Our nearest neighbor was ten miles distant; the only mill where we could get grinding done was sixty miles off; the stock I had in the world were the two horses which had drawn us and our effects out from home, and one of them was blind and the other lame; while, to crown all, I had no money, and few, besides send goods, barely provisions enough to last us till early harvest.

"Now I suppose you would like to ask, what made me feel encouraged, to settle down in a new country and set up housekeeping under such circumstances; and I will answer you, that I was young, strong, poor and ambitious, and I thought, and so did my wife, that this world was the only way we could ever gain an independence.

"Well, things were not so bad as they might have been; and I consoled myself under the reflection that we were a great deal better off than a good many others who had settled in the wilderness before us. My horse was about half woodland and half prairie—a rich, alluvial soil—so, without being obliged to clear the ground myself first, I could proceed to plow, plant, and sow at once, which I did, in hopes of a rich return the ensuing year for the work.

"We got through the summer very well, all things considered, and our crops were such as to make heads of us both glad, in spite of a host of cheerfulness and hope. My wife, though not exactly contented and happy, had got over the first severe attack of home-sickness, and, using all the philosophy at command, had made matters, if not become so resigned to her lot as I could expect.

"When I was sick, she was the tenderest and second quiet cheerful; but I had to be away more or less; and during my absence she became timid and low-spirited, always fearful that something would happen to me. For the reason I state it, a public house was where I went, or either take her with me, or return home the same evening, though I might not get in till late at night.

"One pleasant morning, late in the fall, I mounted my blind horse and set off for the mill, as you see I had left them, as was the custom, a week before, telling my wife I had not the least doubt I should be back on the Friday night.

"And if you are not, Peter,' she said, 'you know I shall be terribly frightened, and shall be trembling by my lone fire till I hear your voice.'

"Poor Nancy! she little knew how many long hours she would sit thinking and trembling that would see me again; and little did I dream what perils and sufferings were to come on me before I should again cross the threshold of my humble dwelling.

"I took my rifle and hunting-knife with me, helping, as had sometimes occurred, I might get a shot a deer; and I did, three times on the route, less bears and wolves about, and now and then some straggling Indians, but as these were always beg to go prepared for whatever one might chance to encounter.

"I reached the mill long before noon, and, had my grist been ready, should have quickly have got home, as I had promised, before dark; but it was not half ready for me, and when I told the miller how disappointed I was, and that we had not been much apart in the house more than two days, he said if I would wait on would try and have it finished or so ready for me by early dinner. A thought of my timid wife, and lonely ride in the dark, and half resolved to go home at once and return the next day; but on reflection that it seemed foolish to make an entire journey again in a few hours on account of my wife's fears, every appearance of a quiet-gathering storm, and I might be impossible to get back for the night before we should be actually suffering for the want of bread; and, all things being duly considered, I concluded to wait.

"Now, as bad luck would have it, something went wrong with the mill; and instead of getting my grist by four o'clock, as promised, I was detained till near eight; by which time such a furious snow-storm was raging, that the miller advised me, as a matter of safety, to remain till morning, saying I might get into an impassible drift and lose my life.

"No,' said I, thinking of my poor, anxious wife, trembling for fear in her loneliness, 'I shall make the attempt at all hazards.'

"I had a strip of woodland to go through for the first five miles, and I thought that had enough, I assure you; but it was as nothing in comparison with the open plain, or prairie, which stretched away before me for ten miles, to my very door. Wildly the wind howled and groaned among the trees, in a tone you that they served to break its force, and in a measure protect me, as I pushed my blind, unheeding path along the path which the light of the snow enabled me to see; but when I reached the plain, the storm burst upon me in all its terrible fury, filled my eyes, and my face, and my blind, and almost blew me down, and piled the snow in drifts and ridges higher than my head.

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yond—Heaven knows I had a life that mine-ters gladly in submit direction. They are sent to do God's work in unrevealed paths, and to diffuse influences by channels that we do not always suspect. A light-house, upon a promontory, lurking far from sight of land,—so till him where he is, and how sure to his port. By some storm-tossed mariner that has lost his reckoning, and is driving on

everything else. The eye and the nose at once, and they only recognize his favor as differing from all other objects.

"Among the more quiet exquisite organizations that have so very slight a hold on human life, that a breath can send a shrine out of its orbit, and wisdom, in such profusion, and are so full of creative thoughts and taste, as to compel us to infer that they answer a purpose quite beyond the ordinary ideas of men. Other beings are born to suffer, and to die young. Into our first glances over a modern purplied with dust, it is true, that we think that all this gorgeous life that and expends itself for us, alone or chiefly, or *And there is no more life in it than there is in*

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